

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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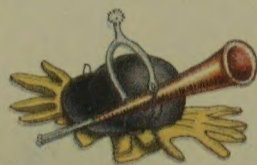
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And ere the day be out, collapse
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A daily Guinness ends your fear
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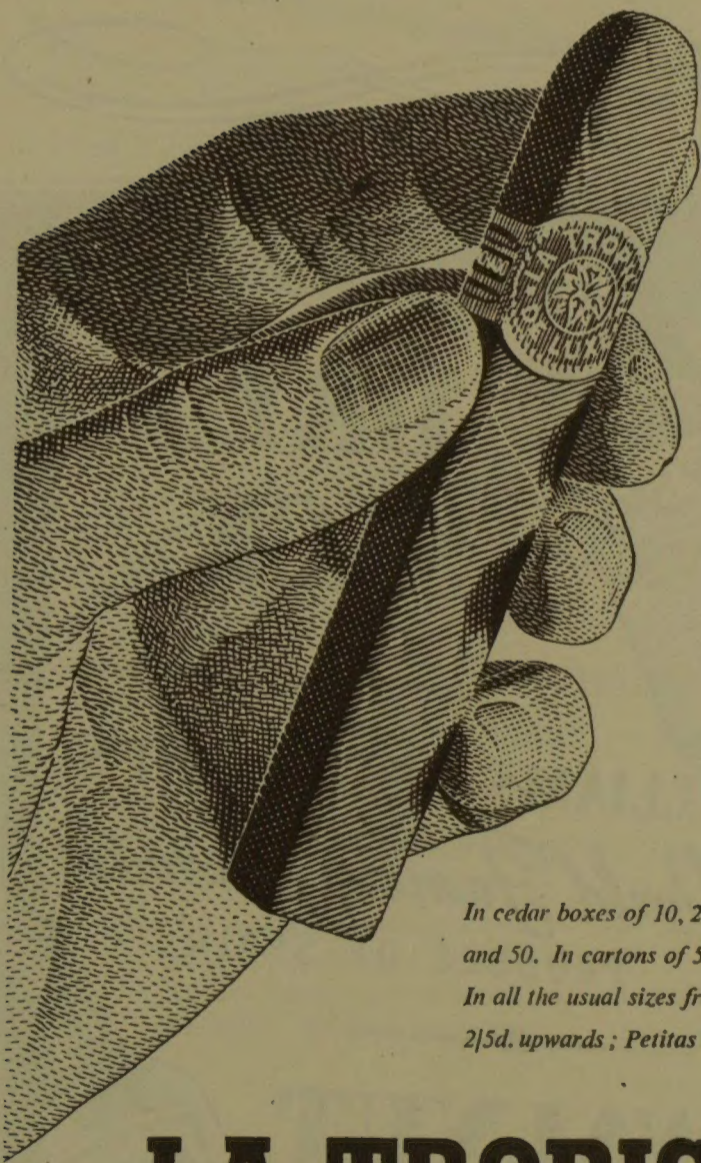


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In all the usual sizes from
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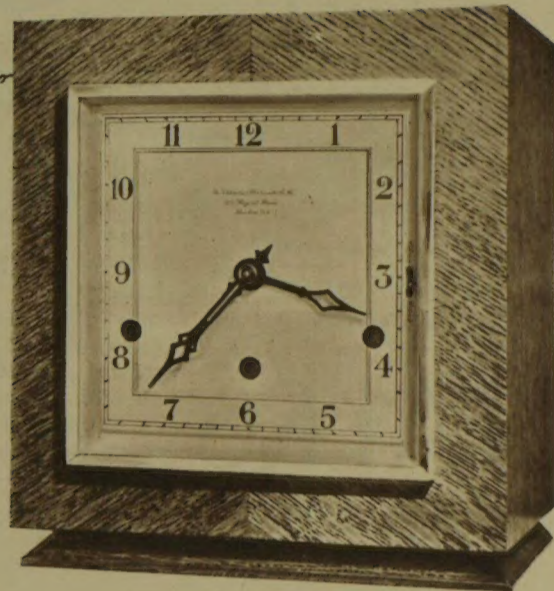
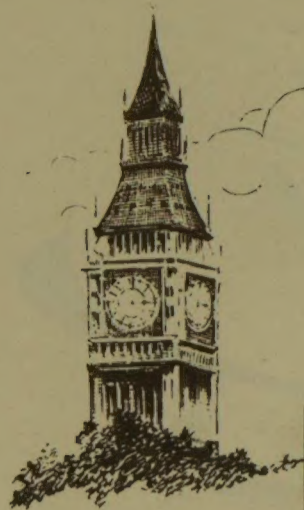
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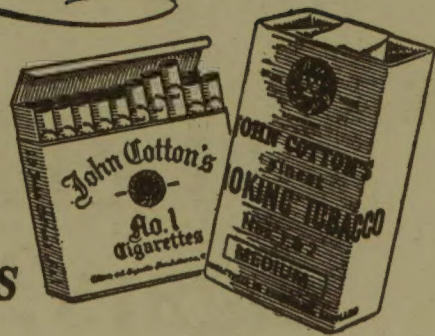
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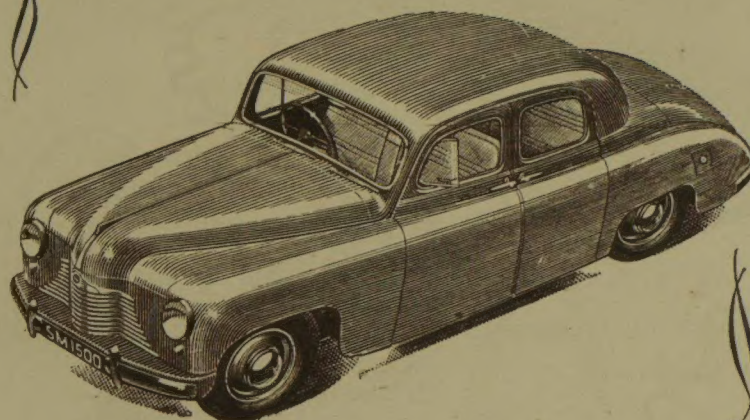


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FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR



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Economy
of a small car*

*the Comfort
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one*

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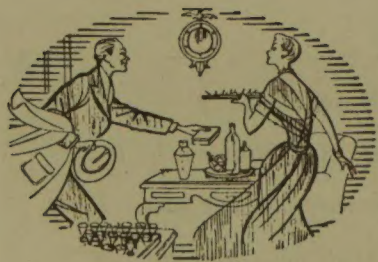
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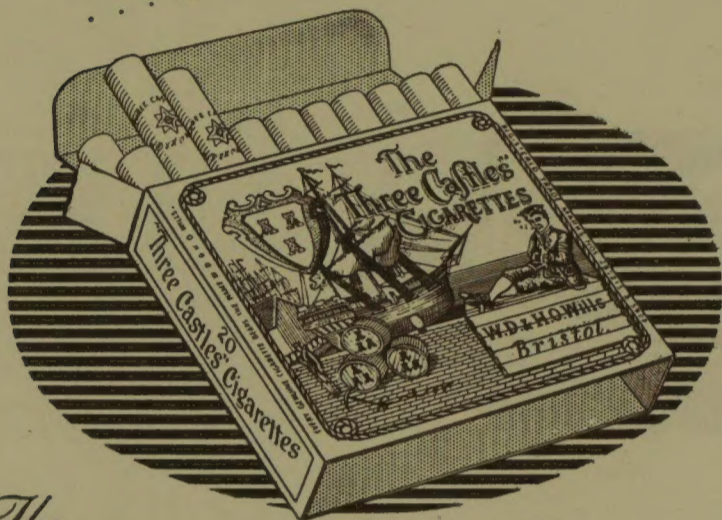
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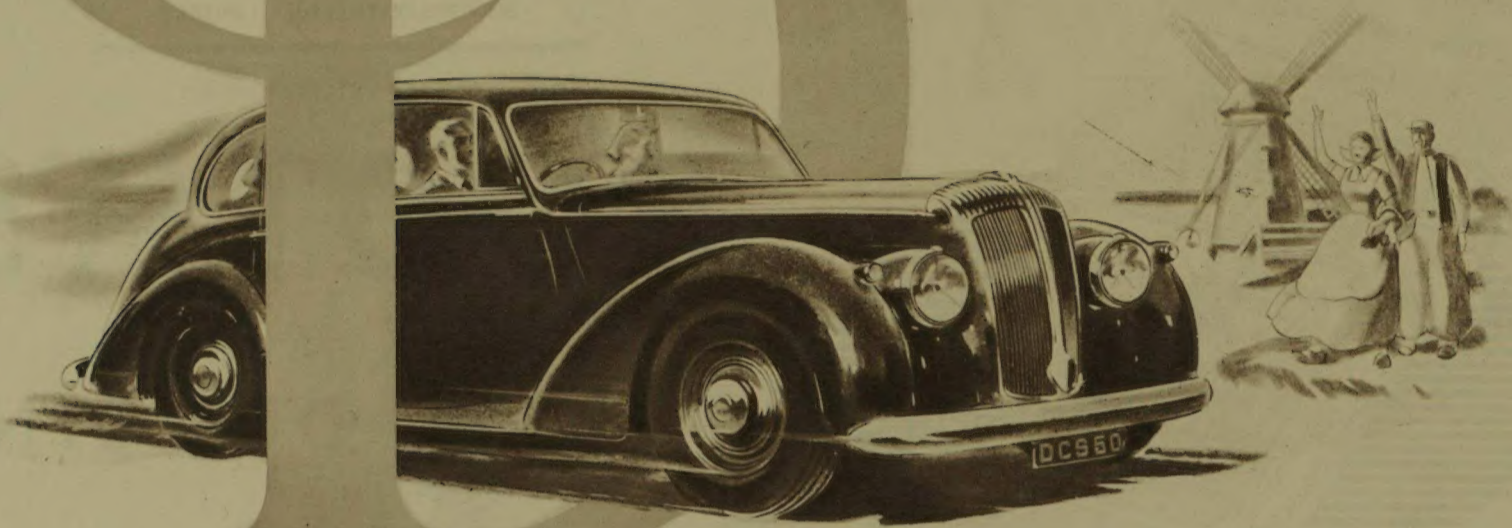
*Definitely
 Superior!*

Maximum prices in U.K. 32/4 per bottle, 1/2 bottle 16/11, 1/4 bottle 8/10, miniature 3/5

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

*Smoothly and silently spiriting away
the miles . . . reacting, as if instinctively, to the
lightest control, with irreproachable good
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highways of the world in spacious comfort . . .*

It's undoubtedly a Daimler —



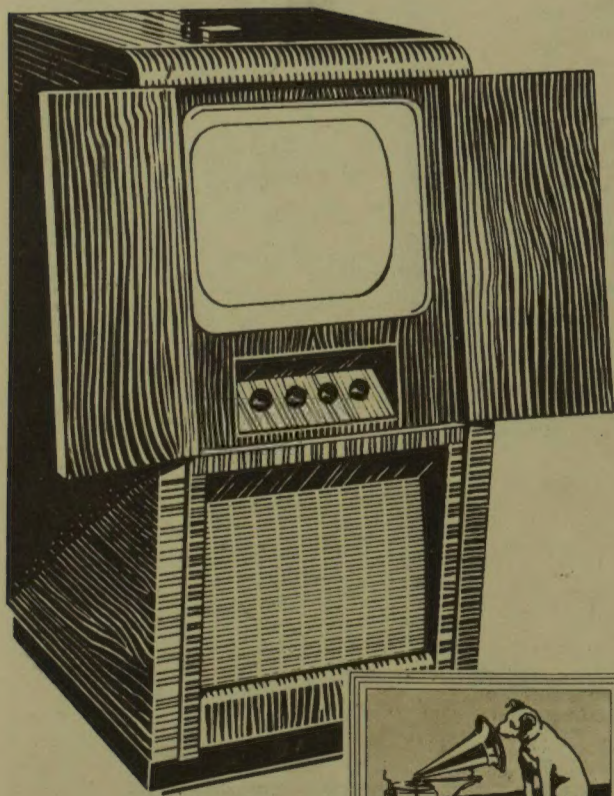
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To H.M. King George VI

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1950.



ROYAL VISITORS WHO WILL RECEIVE A HEARTFELT WELCOME: QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHOSE STATE VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY TAKES PLACE FROM NOVEMBER 21-24.

The Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of the Netherlands have arranged to pay a State visit to this country from Nov. 21 to 24. They will leave Rotterdam in

H.Neth.M.S. *Heemskerck* on Nov. 20, and be welcomed at Dover by the Duke of Gloucester. Their Majesties will meet them at Victoria.

PAYING A STATE VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY NEXT WEEK: QUEEN



THE TWO YOUNGER PRINCESSES OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE: PRINCESS MARGRIET (LEFT), BORN IN 1945, AND PRINCESS MARYKE, THE THREE-YEAR-OLD BABY OF THE FAMILY.



PERCHED ON A SOFA IN ONE OF THE SALONS OF THE SOESTDIJK PALACE AT THE HAGUE: PRINCESS MARGRIET, WHO WAS BORN IN OTTAWA IN 1945, AND PRINCESS MARYKE.

A full programme has been arranged for the Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of the Netherlands during the State visit they have arranged to pay to this country from November 21 to 24. Their engagements include visits to the new Chamber of the House of Commons and to Guildhall, and they will



THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS: THE PRINCESSES IRENE, BEATRIX, MARGRIET AND MARYKE, WITH A FAVOURITE DOG.



THE NEW PET: A DELIGHTFUL SNAPSHOT OF THE PRINCESSES MARYKE, IRENE, MARGRIET AND BEATRIX, MAKING FRIENDS WITH A COLLIE PUPPY.

entertain their Majesties at dinner at Claridge's Hotel on November 22, while a Buckingham Palace banquet is being held on November 21. The Queen of the Netherlands, who was born in 1909, is the only child of Queen Wilhelmina (known since her abdication in 1948 as Princess of the Netherlands). Her

JULIANA AND HER CONSORT, AT HOME WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS.



ADMIRING A GIFT OF PIGEONS: THE PRINCESSES OF THE NETHERLANDS, IRENE, BEATRIX (RIGHT) AND MARGRIET (IN FUR COATS), AND QUEEN JULIANA.



A ROYAL NETHERLANDS FAMILY GROUP: QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH THEIR YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARYKE, AND PRINCESS MARGRIET (R.).

marriage to Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld took place in 1937, and they have four daughters, Princess Beatrix, born in 1938; Princess Irene, born in 1939; Princess Margriet, born in 1943 in Ottawa; and Princess Maryke, who will be four next February. Queen Juliana frequently visits this country and



A CONFERENCE ON HOW TO STICK FAMILY SNAPSHOTS INTO AN ALBUM: THE PRINCESSES BEATRIX (HOLDING LITTLE MARYKE), MARGRIET AND IRENE.



PREPARING HER FAVOURITE TOY KANGAROO FOR AN AIRING IN A WICKERWORK BASKET: PRINCESS MARGRIET IN ONE OF THE SALONS OF THE SOESTDIJK ROYAL PALACE.

in 1934 was a bridesmaid at the marriage of the late Duke of Kent to Princess Marina. Princess Irene was christened in London, and carried out her first official engagement here, when she laid the foundation-stone of the Dutch church in Austin Friars to replace the old building destroyed by a land-mine.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NO one would have been more amused—and, I imagine, for he was a human being, delighted—than Bernard Shaw at the universal adulation showered on him at the time of his death. I do not know what amount of space was accorded to the event in the newspapers and on the radio on the other side of the Iron Curtain, but unless political gratitude is an even scantier commodity there than I take it to be, the men of the Kremlin and their satellites presumably paid their meed of tribute to their most effective champion in the Western World. For Bernard Shaw, though never a Communist—it would have been as easy to turn quicksilver into a batter-pudding as to make him one—displayed more intelligent sympathy with and understanding of the Russian experiment and achievement than almost any other man in the free world. On this side of the Iron Curtain, the praise he received was certainly little less than idolatry. The general impression received from reading the capitalist Press of Britain and America was that, with the passing of this great socialist champion, the world had lost the greatest man of letters since Shakespeare, and that Shaw was Shakespeare's peer.

This—as I think Shaw would have been the first to admit—was unadulterated nonsense. Shaw was a very great writer and a supreme master of two literary crafts—play-writing and polemics. I doubt if there has ever been a greater dramatic technician or a more successful pamphleteer. Shaw, as everyone has pointed out, assailed almost every one of the Victorian beliefs and taboos and saw them all crumble in his long and distinguished lifetime. No one had more to do with their crumbling than he, though this does not mean either that he was the sole or even main contributor to their fall or that the world is the better for their crumbling. Even the most consummate writer can effect little in the way of social or political change in his own lifetime, however long, unless the tide he swims is already flowing in his direction. And Shaw, though few but he had the genius to see it when he began his career, was in reality always writing with the tide of the spirit of his age and never against it. The most he did was by a few years to anticipate it. His life-long battle was always against the doomed die-hards, and for that reason, as he saw, bound ultimately and inevitably to be successful. Youth and time were on his side. That is why, having lived to see his belligerent prophecies fulfilled, he will almost certainly appear a lesser man to posterity than he seemed to his later contemporaries. For, whether he was right or wrong in his beliefs and ideas, posterity, it is certain, will have other beliefs and ideas. Nothing in this world remains constant for long.

Shaw's greatness as a writer is obvious; he invested everything he wanted to say with electric interest and, with his direct, incisive style, invariably everything he said had the appearance of being obvious. Whenever he brought down his hammer—and it was a magnificent instrument—he gave the appearance of hitting the centre of the nail, and this, as often happened with him, when there was in fact no nail to hit there at all. His genius for dramatic intellectual argument on the stage was, so far as I know, unparalleled, and it is a wonderful achievement to have excelled every other man known to history in a particular art. Yet it was only a single art. And outside it, Shaw had some very serious deficiencies as a writer, which must be appreciated when his claim to the highest heights of Parnassus is considered. He was almost completely, for instance, without the historical sense, for, though he wrote more than one historical play, even "St. Joan" and "The Devil's Disciple" are, historically considered, no more than Shavian dramatic arguments, however consummately staged and chronicled, conducted in fancy dress. In this Shaw symbolised the gravest defect of the present generation, whose shallowness he anticipated: its

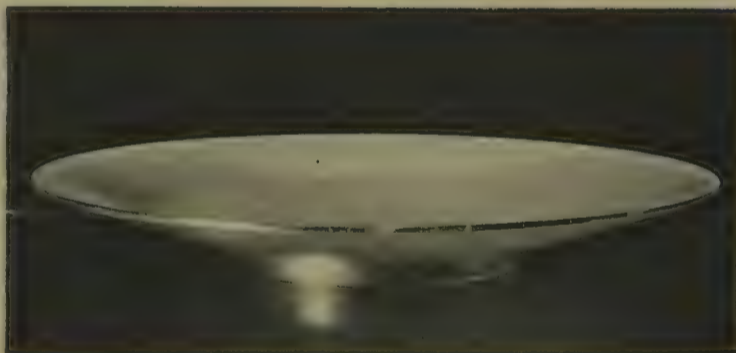
lack of real understanding of the road it is travelling. He had none of that profound sense of history, of being able to see the present as part of an organic process, that makes Shakespeare and Walter Scott, for all their historical inaccuracies, such understanding interpreters

of human existence. But then, it will be said with justice, many greater writers have been without this particular sense; Dickens, for instance, had none of it. Yet, though to Dickens history was a closed door—never more so than when he set himself to write a child's history of England—Dickens possessed in excelsis the most remarkable of all literary gifts: the art of creating life and living creatures. This, too, Shaw, as I think, almost altogether lacked. We remember his characters for their arguments, but not for themselves. This is true, I believe, even of Candida. And most of his characters are, as characters, the merest dummies: so many Bernard Shaws, as has been said, arguing superbly with one another in different guises and costumes. If ever a man was a whole Brains Trust in print in his own person it was he. But we do not remember Mrs. Gamp or Sir John Falstaff or Becky Sharp or Elizabeth Bennet for their arguments; what Mr. Micawber's views were, if he had any, on human destiny or the passage of the Reform Bill I have not the remotest idea. But if that great and sanguine character were to enter the railway carriage in which I am writing this article, I should know him for the man his author created within five minutes of his opening his mouth, even if he were wearing a Civil Servant's pin-stripe trousers or a National Serviceman's battle-dress. Shaw could not create the kind of character who takes possession of author and reader alike, irrespective of the notions and circumstances with which his creator has invested him. Or, if he could, he never did. To place him, therefore, high above Hardy, or Kipling, or Wells, or even Galsworthy, among his contemporaries, is almost certainly misleading. In literature, ideas, however brilliantly expressed, weather far less well than human beings. Swinburn Forsyte or Kim's Lama, little as the ideology of either conforms to the fashions of the present hour, are more likely to interest posterity than Shaw's Tanner. For they are human beings, not talking marionettes.

There is another measure by which Shaw's claim to supreme literary greatness must be judged. Of the imaginative gifts with which the gods can invest men the two greatest are creative capacity and poetic insight. The poet's vision comes nearest to the vision with which the Divine Creator sees his world. He sees—

"the world in a grain of sand
And Heaven in a wild flower,
Holds infinity in the palm of his hand
And Eternity in an hour."

To see, and to enable by one's words others to see, the spiritual verities behind life, that is as high a thing as mortal man can expect to do. Did Shaw ever do this? And I think it can be said that he sometimes did. For all his intense interest in and argumentativeness about the fundamentally unimportant things of this transient world, he had flashes of great spiritual insight, and whenever these appear in his work, as in the closing scene of "St. Joan," his plays take wing. Anyone who wishes to test what I mean can do so by analysing the play of a contemporary and friend of Shaw's who, as a theatrical technician, was far below Shaw yet, in this particular gift of spiritual insight, was his equal and, I think, his master: I refer to G. K. Chesterton's "Magic." But because Shaw, even though only spasmodically, possessed this gift—one which invested his perfect proficiency as a dramatist and wit with the quality of light and fire—he will be remembered, I believe, among the permanent enrichers of mankind, the Prometheans. In his life, with all his faults of vehemence and belligerence and irresponsibility, he came near to achieving sainthood: he was generous, courageous, and subdued the flesh by the mind and spirit as very few men ever succeed in doing. And in his work these qualities, which transcend the writer's craft, can be seen shining clear, and will be hereafter remembered.



A MESSAGE OF FRIENDSHIP FROM THE UNITED STATES THAT WAS FLOWN TO LONDON: TWO VIEWS OF THE SILVER SALVER WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO SIR BRUCE INGRAM ON NOVEMBER 6 ON BEHALF OF THE EDITORS OF "LIFE." Of the many tributes received by Sir Bruce Ingram, editor of *The Illustrated London News*, on November 6 there was one which was particularly appreciated on account of the thought behind it and the warmth of the message which it bore. In acknowledging this gift, Sir Bruce described it as a "wonderful silver message to the Editor of the first Illustrated Newspaper" from one of the liveliest and most important of its descendants. The inscription on the salver read: "A Salute to Sir Bruce Ingram, Editor of 'The Illustrated London News' from the editors of 'Life.' As a great journalist, you have always inspired us with the dignity, the intelligence and the good taste of our common calling. May you long preside over that mighty beacon which sheds its light around the world."



A TRIUMPH OF THE CONFECTIONER'S ART: THE LARGE CAKE, BEARING A REPRODUCTION OF THE WELL-KNOWN HEADING OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OUTLINED IN SUGAR, WHICH CAUSED MUCH ADMIRATION AT THE BANQUET ON NOVEMBER 6.

The banquet which was held at Claridge's Hotel, London, on November 6 in honour of Sir Bruce Ingram's fifty years as editor of *The Illustrated London News* was illustrated in our last issue. Here we give a photograph which was specially taken of the large iced cake which was a tribute from the chef.

NEPAL: THE DEPOSED KING AND MEMBERS OF THE RANA FAMILY.



THE HEREDITARY PRIME MINISTER OF NEPAL, THE MAHARAJA MOHUN SHAMSHER JANG BAHADUR RANA, THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY WHICH HAS PROCLAIMED THE DEPOSITION OF THE KING OF NEPAL: WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO INDIA, MR. LOY W. HENDERSON.



MEMBERS OF THE RANA FAMILY, WHICH IS ALL-POWERFUL IN NEPAL, WITH THEIR HEAD, THE PRIME MINISTER (EXTREME RIGHT), TALKING TO THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO INDIA, DURING THE LATTER'S VISIT TO KATMANDU IN THE LATER MONTHS OF 1948.



MEMBERS OF THE RANA FAMILY OF NEPAL: (L. TO R.) THE PRIME MINISTER, THE HEAD OF THE CLAN; MAJOR-GENERAL DHRUBA SHAMSHER JANG BAHADUR RANA; GENERAL SHANKER SHAMSHER JANG BAHADUR RANA (NOW AMBASSADOR IN GREAT BRITAIN); AND MAJOR-GENERAL BIJAYA SHAMSHER JANG BAHADUR RANA.



THE NOW-DEPOSED KING OF NEPAL, MAHARAJADHIRAJA TRIBHUVANA BIR BIKRAM JANG BAHADUR SHAH BAHADUR SHAMSHER JANG, ACCEPTING THE CREDENTIALS OF THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO INDIA. THE THIRTY-YEAR-OLD PRINCE-ROYAL AND HIS APPARENT IS ON THE LEFT. HE ALSO HAS SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE INDIAN EMBASSY.

ON November 7, it was announced in Delhi that the King of Nepal, together with ten members of his family, had taken shelter in the Indian Embassy at Katmandu on November 6; and somewhat later it was learnt that the Nepalese Government had declared his deposition and had enthroned as King his second grandson, the three-year-old Maharajadhiraja Gyanendra. Bir Bikram Shah. Since 1867, the Nepalese Royal family have supplied only titular sovereigns, all the power being concentrated in the hands of the Hereditary Prime Minister, the head of the all-powerful Rana family, Maharaja Mohun Shamsher Jang

(Continued opposite.)



KATMANDU, A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF NEPAL, WHERE THE KING HAS TAKEN REFUGE, WITH SOME TEN MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, IN THE INDIAN EMBASSY; AND HIS DEPOSITION HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED BY THE ALL-POWERFUL RANA FAMILY.

(Continued.) Bahadur Rana. The Indian Government has declared its willingness to give asylum to the deposed King if he can be brought safely out of the country. The situation is believed to have arisen from the long-standing feud between the Royal and Rana families, but its present development comes at an awkward time for India with Chinese Communism increasing its hold on Tibet, Nepal's northern neighbour. Nepal is best known for its political and physical isolation from India; and for the fact that it has supplied so many magnificent Gurkha soldiers to the Indian Army and now to the British Army.



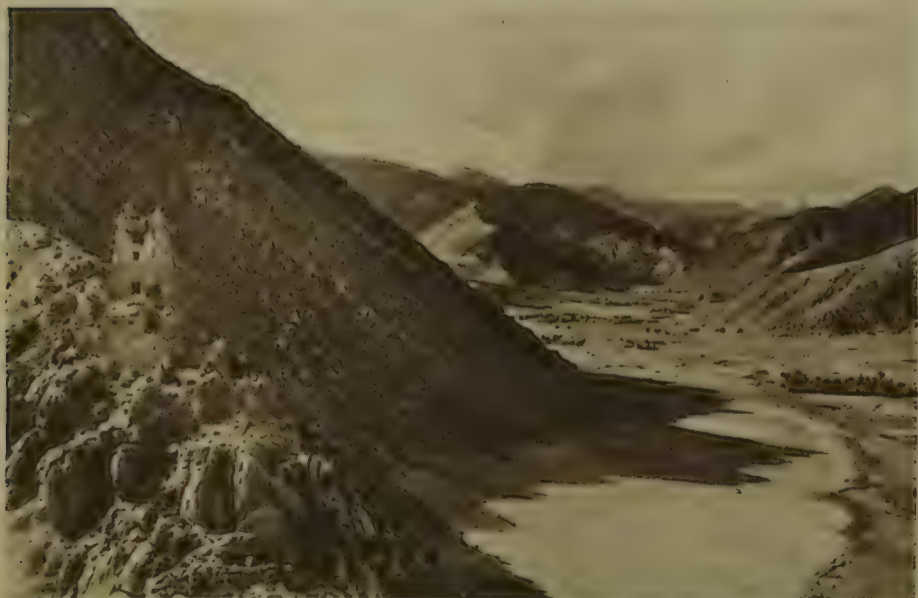
SECOND IN SIZE OF THE MONASTERIES OF TIBET: SERA, A HUGE COMMUNITY WHICH NOMINALLY HOUSES OVER 5000 MONKS, THOUGH IN PRACTICE A LARGER NUMBER RESIDE THERE.



WITH GILDED SPIRES GLITTERING ON ITS ROOF: THE VAST POTALA PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA, AT LHASA, REMOTE CAPITAL OF TIBET.



WITH THE WESTERN GATE IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF THE POTALA PALACE FROM THE LAMA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, LHASA.



WITH THE RUINED FORT PERCHED ON THE MOUNTAIN TO THE LEFT: A VIEW OF CHU-SHUR VALLEY, A STRETCH OF FERTILE COUNTRY WHERE BARLEY AND OTHER CROPS ARE CULTIVATED.



ON THE SHORES OF THE GREAT YAMDROK TSO LAKE: A RUINED FORT PERCHED ON A GREAT ROCK. THERE ARE MANY GIGANTIC STONE CASTLES IN TIBET.

THE WILD FACE OF TIBET, A LAND INVADIED BY CHINA: VIEWS OF SOME OF ITS GIGANTIC MONASTERIES AND CASTLES.

Our photographs illustrate aspects of the wild, mountainous land of Tibet, now threatened by Chinese Communist "liberation." In 1904, the Manchu Empire converted it into a Chinese province, but in 1912, at the time of the Chinese revolution, the Tibetans successfully evicted Chinese officials and troops; and Great Britain repudiated the new Chinese Republic's claims on Tibet. No permanent

settlement has ever been effected, though the British Government and the Government of India brought about a state of practical equilibrium between China and Tibet which has now been disturbed. The situation in Tibet is complicated by the Panchen Lama's "Provisional Government," which has Communist support. On November 10 it was reported from Delhi that the Tibetan Government had appealed to United Nations.



A PEACEFUL SCENE IN WILD AND SAVAGE TIBET: THE WINDING AMO-CHU RIVER, WITH MEADOWS GAY WITH THE YELLOW *PRIMULA BIKKIMENSIS* IN FLOWER.



ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE POTALA, THE MONASTERY PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA, WHICH DOMINATES LHASA: PART OF A GREAT STAIRCASE.



GAY WITH A COLLECTION OF POT PLANTS ON THE LEDGE OUTSIDE A WINDOW: A CLOSE VIEW OF A HOUSE IN LHASA. THE ROOF IS ADORNED WITH GOLD ORNAMENTS.

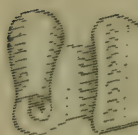


DOMINATED BY THE GREAT PILE OF THE POTALA PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA: A VIEW OF A STREET IN LHASA, THE CAPITAL OF TIBET, SHOWING THE TYPE OF HOUSE.

DOMINATED BY THE GOLDEN-ROOFED POTALA PALACE: LHASA, CAPITAL OF TIBET, AND A RIVER LANDSCAPE.

The Tibetans, who inhabit the mountainous and mysterious land which is the latest target for Communist attack by Chinese troops, are civilised though mediæval in outlook and customs. Some of their buildings are extremely fine, and the Potala Palace of the Dalai Lama, in Lhasa, is magnificent. It has been described as not

a palace on a hill, but a hill that is also a palace, for its massive walls, its terraces and bastions stretch from plain to crest of the great bluff on which it stands, and its golden roof glitters and shines from afar. Lhasa itself is, however, a somewhat squalid city, but the Tibetans' love of flowers adds beauty to their poor houses.



MEMOIRS OF A HISTORIAN.

"CHAPTERS OF LIFE"; By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BART.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY," says Sir Charles Petrie in his little Preface, "has been well defined as due to the fear of biography. I have no cause to be apprehensive of the latter, so this is not an autobiography, but rather an attempt to recall scenes and people that might otherwise be forgotten." The statement deserves scrutiny. It is true that his book is not a thorough-going autobiography; and, as he is in his prime, that is just as well, for his most strenuous and fruitful years may be in front of him; and a vigorous man, so far as his own activities are concerned, should always be concerned with To-day and To-morrow, and regard his life as a thing not yet to be written about, because it has not yet been completed, and may take who-knows-what turn in the future. It is true also that his book is not an autobiography, in so far as it is not consecutive and there are great gaps in the chronology. He tells us something about his ancestry: the Petries were Scots who migrated to the West of Ireland; one of them was out in the '45; and of another (Sir Charles's great-great-grandfather) it is written: "More remarkable than George Petrie was his wife Margaret. She was born in Canada in 1750 and died in 1857. My father was five at the time of her death, and he remembered her description of Wolfe's capture of Quebec . . . so that there is only one life between me and the time when Canada was French." He glances at Liverpool, where his childhood was spent, his father being at one time leader of the local Tory Party and Lord Mayor, and says something about holidays in Ireland and abroad. But thereafter we jump to Oxford, whither, in 1914, at the age of nineteen, he was just going when the war broke out. Not a word about his nannies, his governesses, his schoolmasters, his school; and, in all civility, I don't mind being spared those elements, as they do so tend to be monotonously alike. But when he says that his book is but "an attempt to recall scenes and people that might otherwise be forgotten," his statement really must be qualified, certainly as regards the people. There is one chapter about journalism and journalists to which the remark might apply; and it may be added that the interest of periodicals completely wanes after their death or occlusion, unless they have "cut ice" in the manner of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* or Henley's *National Observer*, which were full of character and characters. But Sir Charles is too modest about some of the persons whom he has known and with whom he has talked. He can hardly suppose that his pages were necessary to preserve from oblivion such names as those of King Alfonso, King George of Greece and Mussolini, whom he found (before Il Duce went off the rails), as I found him myself, "not the dictator with forbidding manner and beetling brows, but the cultured man-of-the-world quite ready to indulge in the give-and-take of ordinary conversation."

The book is a miscellany. There are glimpses of the world before 1914, when passports were not necessary except to Russia and Turkey, and if a young man went out to tea he had to take his hat, stick and gloves into the drawing-room and lay them on the floor by his chair; the fact that one hasn't to do that now is to me one of the few palliations of our present decay. But Sir Charles is mainly concerned with politics, home and foreign. He is, some may think, unduly severe upon Mr. Baldwin, whom he regards as at once astute and lazy; but, after all, Mr. Baldwin had a General Strike to cope with and, when we are considering foreign affairs and rearmament, a vast short-sighted electorate which showed a pointer at the Fulham by-election and afterwards discarded Mr. Churchill at the moment of victory. Of Mr. Chamberlain he says, truly: "The real tragedy of Neville Chamberlain's career was that circumstances involved him in problems, namely those of foreign policy, for which he had neither previous training nor special aptitude." As to Munich, he remarks: "The fact was that Chamberlain had acted on the assumption that Hitler could be trusted, and events had proved him wrong." I don't think that is wholly true. Chamberlain certainly made a preposterous and deluding statement when he said he had brought back "peace with honour," though he had to say something; but he was playing for time and, as any reader of the diaries in Professor Feiling's book must know, was well aware that he was dealing with a maniac who cared neither for peace nor for honour. Sir Charles is always interesting, if sometimes controversial about

the politicians of his party; but he is consistently scathing about its policy and its organisation, until quite recent times.

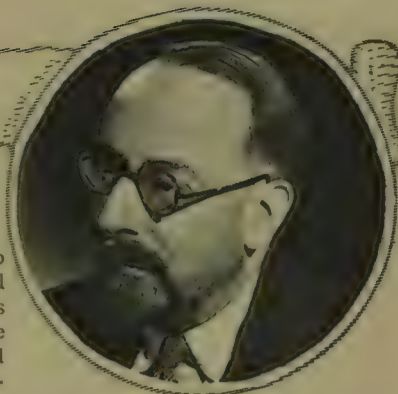
Europe he has surveyed pretty thoroughly, both mentally and physically, and his approach has been independent. He tends to be exasperated by the way in which European affairs have been handled by British politicians, who have for a generation been further "conditioned" by involvement with American politicians. Folly, ignorance, prejudice and bigotry in high places are no new things: the only thing new in our time is the preposterous confidence in "Anglo-Saxon" countries that our ancestors simply didn't know how to wipe up the mess and we do: "Truly we are the people and wisdom was born with us." That confidence seems now on the decline, and a good thing too.

The major folly of our time, Sir Charles thinks (and I have always utterly agreed with him), is that the politicians simply wouldn't realise that Europe's

to anybody who isn't a habitual hair-splitter. As a historian of the Past he has had to rely upon documents, and like a good judge, has refused to let his own prepossessions lead him to warp evidence or to suppress evidence which doesn't suit him; he even, on

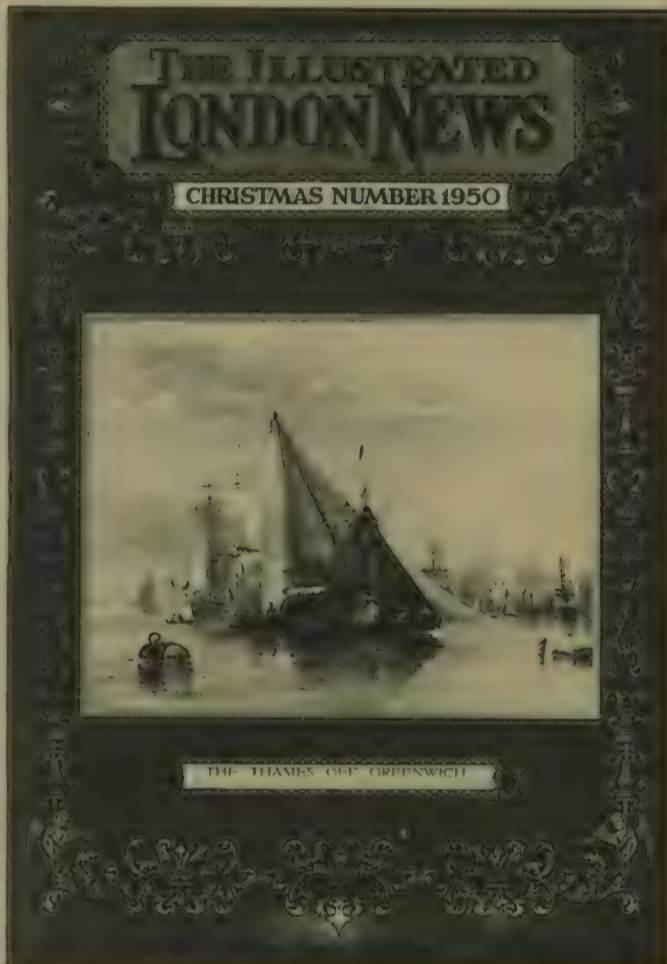
occasion, allows to the other side more than he need. But in this book he is dealing with events and personages of his own lifetime: the documents, for the most part, are not yet available and he, like the rest of us, has largely to rely for his provisional opinions on hearsay, conjecture and newspapers—which are all very much the same sort of thing. He mentions "eminent" men (and "eminent," alas, does not always mean very intelligent or very well-informed; energy, ambition, or even accident, sometimes leading to high office and dwindling references in the history-books) whom we have both known, "eminent" men whom he has known and not I, and even "eminent" men with whom I have had some slight acquaintance but whom he has never even seen. These, did we meet again (and I cannot pretend that this author is entirely strange to me) we might discuss (men used to talk about "discussing" port and that, I gather from these pages, might not be entirely ruled out) and with certain concessions made by both sides, in the light of information given, and no sparks flying. Most readers, I dare say, will differ from Sir Charles about various things. But none can fail to observe his honesty, his enthusiasm, his generosity and his desire to serve. Nobody, either, could fail to observe, and be grateful for, his sense of humour.

Dealing usually with momentous affairs, involving human life and happiness, Sir Charles might well, like many another, have lapsed into a state of sustained solemnity—which does nobody any good, even in a shelter during an air-raid. Sir Charles, happily, is always at his ease, even when most serious, and usually has a few relevant anecdotes within reach. During the war, for instance, he delivered hundreds of lectures all over England for the Ministry of Information. So did other people; the academic lecturer, he remarks, was rarely a success: "His approach to his subject was often too laboured, for if one is to hold a Service audience one must plunge *in medias res*." An extreme instance, he says, was that of "a Cambridge don whom one of the brigades in the 3rd Division invited to enlighten them on the subject of Greece when that country was attacked by Italy. The lecturer gave them a full hour, and closed his survey with the end of the Peloponnesian War, after which date, apparently, Greek affairs ceased to interest him." Shooters will admire the fastidiousness of a young sportsman of whom he speaks elsewhere: "The rumour went round that a parachutist had been dropped in Honeycomb Wood, about a quarter of a mile from our house, and thither proceeded the entire police force of Sherborne, headed by the superintendent with a revolver. My wife brought out in the car a young and unarmed L.D.V. to whom I proceeded to lend a twelve-bore. I asked him what ammunition he wanted; to which he replied, 'Do you think I ought to use fives or sixes for a parachutist?'" Firearms also come into a story in which Sir Charles himself made the operative remark. He was lecturing in Bucharest at a time when the Iron Guard, used as a tool by the Germans, was butchering its opponents. His chairman was to be a Professor of History who "had received a threat from the Iron Guard to the effect that he would be murdered while presiding on this occasion. He took this intimation very seriously indeed [he had reason: they got him later], and I had no little difficulty in persuading him to take the chair at all." All the approaches to the hall bristled with armed police; at any moment, felt the visitor, somebody in a front row might move a hand towards hip or breast. "Never," says Sir Charles, in the neatest of phrases, "never did any audience have a more attentive lecturer."



SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BART, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "CHAPTERS OF LIFE," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Charles Petrie, third Baronet, was educated privately and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He has travelled much and written widely on political and historical subjects. His most recent work, a two-volume study of the Jacobite movement, was discussed in two reviews on this page in our issues of January 22, 1949, and June 3, 1950.



THE SCARLET-AND-GOLD COVER (IN MONOCHROME) OF THE 1950 CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" WHICH IS NOW ON SALE. THE PAINTING REPRODUCED IN THE CENTRE IS "THE THAMES OFF GREENWICH," A BEAUTIFUL MARITIME SUBJECT BY GEORGE CHAMBERS (1803-1840).

The 1950 Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News" (price 3s.) is now on sale. The brilliant red-and-gold cover, so well known to our readers, is this year adorned with a maritime painting by George Chambers representing "The Thames Off Greenwich," and the number contains an exceptionally fine and varied series of pages in colour. These include a double-page reproduction of a masterpiece of Dutch painting, Jan Steen's "The Effects of Intemperance"; pages illustrating Domestic Life in the Seventeenth Century in Holland and in the Eighteenth Century in England as recorded by Ochtervelt and Zoffany respectively, and superb examples of the art of Boucher and of Hubert Robert which will recall to our readers the splendour of the "Landscape in French Art" Exhibition at the Royal Academy Galleries, 1949-50. All the gaiety of Christmas is expressed in "The Children's Toys Give Their Own Christmas Party," paintings especially made by Martin Battersby with a description written by the artist; and the significance of the feast is beautifully recalled by Federigo Barocci's lovely "Nativity." Two paintings illustrating popular science in the eighteenth century by Wright of Derby will have a strong appeal to schoolboys as well as lovers of art, and the ingenious "Pictures Made Without Paint," lifelike miniatures of mice and birds constructed out of grasses and seeds, will amuse and surprise. The reading matter is this year of outstanding interest, as it consists of "The Seven Crosses," by Georges Simenon, a complete short novel by the noted detective-story writer specially written for "The Illustrated London News." There are also four pages of illustration by Robert Lawson from the famous story "Ferdinand the Bull," by Munro Leaf, and "The Donkey Ride," an enchanting monochrome painting by Gainsborough.

modern troubles arose with the establishment of the German Empire, and did not seize the opportunity in 1918 of putting Germany back to where she was in 1866: the kings and grand dukes were available, and separatist sentiment was strong. It might not be too late even now; but what hope is there in a world prejudiced against hereditary institutions as such (with no regard as to whether they work or not), and biassed against all small things, from ships to countries, and convinced that our only hope lies in bigger and better "mergers." What a pity that Hanover had that Salic Law!—we might have stopped it all!

Sir Charles has proved himself as a historian of the Past: I need no quibbler to tell me that Last Week is part of the Past; my meaning must be clear

* "Chapters of Life." By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart., M.A. (Oxon), F.R.Hist.S., etc. Frontispiece Portrait of the Author. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 834 of this issue.

THE CENTENARY OF "TUSITALA," THE TELLER OF TALES: R. L. STEVENSON'S CLOSING YEARS.



THE PROPERTY WHICH R. L. STEVENSON BOUGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN ABOVE APIA IN 1890 AND WHERE HE SPENT THE CLOSING PERIOD OF HIS LIFE: VAILIMA (FIVE RIVERS) BEFORE ITS ENLARGEMENT IN DECEMBER, 1892.



IN 1889: R. L. STEVENSON (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH HIS STEPSON ABOARD THE TRADING SCHOONER *EQUATOR* IN WHICH THEY VISITED THE GILBERT ISLANDS.



STORES ARRIVING AT VAILIMA IN 1892: A GROUP SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE (STEVENSON'S STEPSON), R. L. STEVENSON AND MR. STRONG (HUSBAND OF STEVENSON'S STEP-DAUGHTER) ON THE PROPERTY OF ABOUT 400 ACRES WHICH STEVENSON PURCHASED IN 1890.



STEVENSON'S "PERFECT COMPANION": MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, WHOM HE MARRIED IN 1880, IN VAILIMA. HER SON, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, COLLABORATED WITH "R.L.S."

The centenary of Robert Louis Stevenson's birth, November 13, 1850, has been commemorated in Scotland by an exhibition of his works and Stevensoniana at the Edinburgh Central Library and by a ceremony in St. Giles' Cathedral at which the Lord Provost, Sir Andrew Murray, arranged to pay tribute to his memory. In London the Robert Louis Stevenson Club held a centenary dinner on November 11, with Mr. Walter Elliot in the chair, at which Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart proposed a toast to the immortal memory of "R.L.S." Stevenson settled in Samoa in 1890, in which year he purchased the property he named Vailima (Five rivers). Among



A FAMILY GROUP IN SYDNEY, 1893: (FROM L. TO R.) MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, STEVENSON, MRS. STRONG (HIS STEP-DAUGHTER), AND HIS MOTHER.

the natives he was known as Tusitala ("Teller of Tales") and it was during the last four years of his life that he wrote "The Wrecker" (in collaboration with his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne), "Beach of Falesà" (first published under the title "Uma," in *The Illustrated London News*) "Catriona," "Island Nights' Entertainments," "Weir of Hermiston" (a few chapters only), and other fragments which he did not live to complete. In 1880 Stevenson married Mrs. Osbourne, an American with two children, who proved to be a perfect companion. The author of "Treasure Island" and "The Master of Ballantrae" died in 1894.

THE FUNERAL OF KING GUSTAF V. OF SWEDEN: SCENES AND PERSONALITIES.



FOLLOWING THE ROYAL COFFIN IN PROCESSION: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (REPRESENTING THE KING), PRINCE OLAV OF NORWAY AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA.



ROYAL MOURNERS: KING HAAKON OF NORWAY, KING GUSTAF VI., THE NEW KING OF SWEDEN, KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK AND PRESIDENT PAASIKIVI OF FINLAND.



MARCHING IN THE PROCESSION: THE BODYGUARD OF KING CHARLES XII.—IN UNIFORMS OF THE TIME OF SWEDEN'S GREATEST MILITARY FAME.



AN IMPRESSIVE DETACHMENT OF SWEDISH TROOPS MARCHING IN THE PROCESSION: MEN OF THE SWEDISH ROYAL GUARD.



LED BY TWO ROYAL SERVANTS: THE LATE KING'S FAVOURITE HORSE, *DUKAT*, DRAPED IN FUNERAL BLACK, WHICH WALKED IN THE CORTÈGE.



DRAPED IN RED WITH GOLDEN CROWNS, COVERED BY THE ROYAL ROBES AND BEARING THE CROWN: THE COFFIN OF KING GUSTAF V. IN THE PALACE CHAPEL.



THE YOUNG CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN: THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON OF THE NEW KING GUSTAF VI. WITH HIS FAVOURITE PEKINESE.

The funeral of King Gustaf V., veteran monarch of Sweden, took place on November 9 in Stockholm, and was attended by the Duke of Gloucester, representing the King, and by the sovereigns of Norway, and Denmark, and by the President of Finland, the Crown Princes of Norway and Ethiopia, the Prince of the Netherlands, Earl Mountbatten, brother of the new Queen of Sweden, and many other delegates. In accordance with the late King's wishes, the service in the Church of the Knights was

short, but conformed in all essentials with tradition. The streets were lined with troops, Home Guards, Lottas (members of the Women's Auxiliary Service) and Red Cross personnel, and packed with citizens anxious to pay their last tribute to the well-loved King. Detachments of British and American sailors were drawn up near the Castle entrance and the second band to play a funeral march was that of the Royal Horse Guards.



THE LAST JOURNEY OF THE WELL-LOVED KING GUSTAF V. OF SWEDEN: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE LEAVING THE ROYAL PALACE FOR THE CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS.



THE SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS ON RIDDARHOLM ISLAND, STOCKHOLM. THE COFFIN BEARING THE ROYAL CROWN. THE NEW KING GUSTAF VI. IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT, AND TO THE RIGHT OF HIM ARE KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK, PRINCE WILHELM OF SWEDEN AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA.

SWEDEN MOURNS THE PASSING OF HER VETERAN KING: THE OBSEQUIES OF GUSTAF V.

The obsequies of the ninety-four-year-old King Gustaf of Sweden were marked by solemn symbolism, and *The Times* correspondent records the deeply impressive effect of three moments—those when the Prime Minister removed the funeral crown of the House of Bernadotte from the coffin, when the Archbishop of Uppsala intoned the traditional words of the funeral service and, lastly, when the Lord High Steward lifted a hand and guns all over Sweden fired forty-two rounds and flags were raised

to full mast. The procession from the Royal Palace to the Church of the Knights was headed by the massed standards of the Swedish Army, Navy and Air Force, carried by officers in full dress, and the coffin was followed by the new King, his brother and son, by the sovereigns of Norway and Denmark, and the head of the Finnish State. The late King held the rank of an honorary Admiral in the British Navy and a Royal Naval Colour party and band paraded on Castle Hill.

IT would take a whole article to give even a rough sketch of certain internal political characteristics of Indo-China, such as the changes that have taken place in French approaches to the problem, possible deficiencies in their present policy, the varied outlook in different parts of the country. I confess I find a good deal that is puzzling here, and am conscious of my own lack of intimate knowledge of this side of the conflict now going on. I shall not attempt to deal with it to-day for this reason. I should be inclined to omit this aspect even if I were better acquainted with it, because it does not seem to be the most important and because I want the space for other considerations. The broad issues appear to me to be, first, the conflict between the Western philosophy and Communism—call it, if you choose, an Asiatic brand of Communism, but the difference may not be as great as it is sometimes pictured—secondly, the resentment which is to-day stirring in a great part of Asia against any hint of European "colonialism"; and thirdly, the nature of French military strategy. These issues will more than suffice for my purpose to-day.

The triumph of the Communists in China more or less coincided with a very slight improvement in the French position. It was far from being enough to constitute a firm

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRENCH REVERSES IN INDO-CHINA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

—and on the fringes of all territory considered vital. It is, I suggest, a gross error to say that such garrisons are unnecessary or even useless. In a war such as this, some phases of it at least, they cannot be dispensed with. Unless and until the weight of the guerilla offensive has been broken, it is only by means of chains of forts or blockhouses that the enemy's movements can be hampered or any real protection afforded to loyal cultivators and others without whose aid the whole economic life of the country would collapse. History is full of instances of a system of forts exercising a highly beneficial influence on the conduct of a campaign against guerrillas. It was extremely successful when used here by Galliéni against Chinese bandits, often supported by Chinese regulars who were their secret allies and, so to speak, lived on their immoral earnings.

Yet it is not in itself enough, and never has been against an enterprising foe. There must be forces always standing by in rear for tasks in the open, and they should comprise the most mobile, the best armed and the best trained in the army. Columns must be prepared to move at top speed at shortest notice, since the opportunities offered by guerilla warfare are notoriously the most fleeting of all. They must combine speed with striking power. On occasion, when the opposition is likely to be strong, they may be united, and become for the period of the operation a really strong force, up to army corps strength if necessary; but that, of course, depends on the nature of the campaign and the strength of the enemy. Their threat creates more dread in the mind of guerrillas than that of the forts, but it is the combination of the two that can be so effective. It is said that the French in Indo-China lack such mobile reserves or that they are altogether too weak. The explanation usually given is that the total numbers are inadequate. It is not a satisfactory plea because, whatever the strength available, the relation between that of the garrisons and that of the mobile columns should always be approximately the same.

Then, as regards the type of fort and strength of garrison, uniformity is a weakness. It is probable that the great majority of the forts will have to be small blockhouses, the garrisons of which will be unable to venture far from their shelter in disturbed regions. On the other hand, the value of forts is greatly increased if their garrisons are strong enough to issue forth and deal with local bands of considerable size more speedily than the mobile columns of which I have written. If all the forts cannot be large enough to contain garrisons of this strength, at least some may be. If numbers are short, a gap in the chain is likely to prove a lesser disadvantage than complete immobility on the part of the garrisons. Once again, it is the combination of mobility and defence that pays. When Lord Mountjoy was fighting Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, his secretary wrote of his method of merging the menaces of garrisons and of a main striking force that he would fall suddenly upon the most serious rebel organisation, "while he kept all the rest like dared larks in continual fear, as well of himself as of the garrisons adjoining." An admirable formula for the strategy of a master of this type of warfare.

One aspect not always realised by commentators on this campaign is that the French command had for some time before the present offensive of Viet Minh contemplated a voluntary withdrawal of the type which it has since made under pressure; it may even have decided upon this. The view that all the French were capable of, at least for the time being, was the protection of the deltaic regions in which the chief wealth of the country lay, had for some time been gaining adherents. It is also to be noted that, though they have suffered local disasters, several of their withdrawals have been conducted deliberately and in good order, without serious interference from Viet Minh. I am not suggesting that their situation is anything but grave, but it seems to me that their powers of defence have been less diminished than would appear at first sight. Another heavy handicap has been the half-heartedness with which the Socialist party in every French Ministry has entered upon the conduct of the war. I believe that this has resulted in starving the forces to a greater extent even than French lack of means made necessary.

The future must depend on various factors, including the attitude of the United States



DEFENDED WITH GREAT GALLANTRY BY THE GARRISON OF 200 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION: THE FRONTIER POST OF DONGKHE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY VIET MINH TROOPS ON SEPTEMBER 18.

Dongkhe, a frontier post twenty miles from Kaobang, in Tongking, was first captured by Viet Minh troops in May, but was retaken within forty-eight hours by French parachute troops. On September 16 the small garrison of 200 officers and men was attacked by a large force of Viet Minh troops with superior weapons and the post was captured on September 18, when the French casualties were reported to be 50 killed and 100 wounded. Air reconnaissance on that day revealed that the post was in flames and the French flag was no longer flying.

promise of future success, but I do not think one can deny that it existed. The spread of Chinese Communist power to the frontier speedily brought about a change. In the days of pacification and consolidation over half a century ago, the days of de Lanessan and Galliéni, the worst French difficulties were caused by Chinese frontier action. Now these appeared in new and far more serious shape. The troubles of those days were raids taking the form of banditry, activities without moral force behind them. This new development has been of a very different nature. The driving force of Viet Minh, the organisation engaged in fighting the French, has been even more Communism than nationalism. The non-Communist elements in it, fairly strong in earlier days, had tended to diminish. The victory of the Communists in China brought a new fervour to that creed in Viet Minh. The arrival of Communism on the frontier came as a further fillip to it. At the same time, the material power of Viet Minh was increased. Hitherto it had been armed for the most part with weapons scattered about the country at the end of the Second World War, or captured from the French, or roughly made—as, for instance, mortars—at home. Now Chinese arms began to appear in considerable quantities.

At the same time, the cause of Asiatic opposition to "colonialism" was reinforced. This had already triumphed, or could be considered as having triumphed, in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Indonesia. Now it appeared that the Chinese had gained an equally great triumph over a puppet of United States "imperialism," which, if not quite "colonialism," was held to be narrowly akin to it. This Asiatic ideology is to-day one of the most powerful forces in the world. Mr. Nehru is the representative of its more moderate and intellectual side, but it seems to play an important part in his outlook on all political questions. It seems also to influence his views on Western institutions and policy which he would naturally be disposed to appreciate most. To think in terms of military strategy without taking this faith into account would to-day be a proof that the planner or prophet concerned was living in an unreal world and that his appreciations were worthless because they were built on air, with no basis of substance. It is a faith which sways millions of Asiatics who are in no sense Communists, but it is one in which Communists may participate and of which, in any case, they make the best use. In Russian or Russian-dominated territories it is in conflict with the principles of Russia, the mother of modern Communism, but so far Russia has not been affected by this strange contradiction.

Old loyalties have suffered from the combined pressure of Continental patriotism and Red dogma, here as in other countries. Yet they still survive, and the French appear so far to have availed themselves of them to an astonishingly small degree. I suppose the main reason is the simple, material one that they have not possessed the means of arming more than a fraction of the Viet Nam forces on whom they could reasonably rely and have, indeed, never possessed enough arms or equipment to meet the needs of their own forces. A well-known French general told me a year ago that his son, serving in Indo-China, held himself lucky if two-thirds of his light tanks and vehicles were running at any one time, though it must be noted that, since then, some American material has arrived. It is understood that the chief recommendation of General Juin, who was selected to advise the French Government and paid a brief visit to the country, was the formation of a large Viet Nam national army. This was agreed to in the treaty of 1949; but, as I have said, the French, from penury in the main, have done little to make use of local resources in any respect. The cost of an army of 100,000 men would naturally be quite beyond the purse of Viet Nam, enfeebled by war and loss of trade, and probably beyond that of France herself.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY THE FRENCH ON OCTOBER 18: DONG DANG, A FRONTIER POST ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER ROAD OF TONGKING, TEN MILES NORTH OF LANGSON: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE HILLY NATURE OF THE TERRAIN AND COLONIAL HIGHWAY NO. 4 IN FOREGROUND.

and whether or not the French improve their strategy and tactics. In any case, Indo-China will move towards independence, the only points at issue being how fast and with how much bloodshed, and the measure of French co-operation in moulding the future of the country. This last might disappear altogether, as it has in Syria, or remain considerably stronger than that of the Dutch in Indonesia. For the time being, Indo-China possesses a certain strategic importance which affects it in the light of international politics. Were the strain now laid upon the world to be lightened, the problems of Indo-China would be considered with more calm and less prejudice. In such a happy event there would be a better chance of its development proceeding naturally and peaceably. Greece and Korea have provided instances of the misfortunes which the struggles of the great in the fields of the little may bring upon the little; but in the case of Greece it has been shown that there is a possibility of emerging from this distress.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE RED RIVER RICE BOWL: TONGKING SCENES.



ABANDONED BY THE FRENCH GARRISON: LAOKAY (RIGHT), ON THE CHINESE FRONTIER AT THE HEAD OF THE RED RIVER VALLEY.



WHERE VIET MINH PRESSURE WAS STILL BEING MAINTAINED ON NOVEMBER 8: MONKAY, OPPOSITE THE CHINESE TOWN OF TONGHINKAI, SHOWING THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE.



THE PLACE WHERE FRENCH ARMS SUFFERED A SEVERE REVERSE LAST MONTH: THE WINDING ROAD NEAR THATKHE, IN NORTH-EAST TONGKING.



ENCLOSED BY JUNGLE-COVERED HILLS RISING ABOUT 1800 FT.: COLONIAL HIGHWAY FOUR RUNNING THROUGH PADDY FIELDS AT DONGKHE.



TYPICAL OF THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH COLONIAL HIGHWAY FOUR, SCENE OF THE FRENCH MILITARY REVERSE, RUNS: A VIEW NEAR THE CHINESE-TONGKING BORDER.

A French military reverse in Tongking—probably the worst since war with the Viet Minh broke out in December, 1946—took place early in October, when some 3500 French troops who covered the evacuation of the Indo-China frontier post of Kaobang, in North-East Tongking, were lost after being overwhelmed by Viet Minh guerilla forces. As the column came almost within artillery range of Thatkhe, their objective, they were attacked by Viet Minh forces, estimated at 26,000 to 27,000 men, who had mountain artillery and the advantage of surprise. The French Cabinet was so concerned by the Viet Minh successes that General Juin,

France's leading expert on Colonial warfare, was sent to Indo-China to report on the situation. His conclusions emphasised mainly the necessity to end the dispersal of French forces, to strengthen the air force, and to reinforce the national Viet Nameese Army. It was announced on November 8 in Paris that General de la Tour du Moulin had been appointed Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Tongking, in succession to General Alessandri. At the time of writing Viet Minh activity continues from Monkay, in the north-east, the apparent target of several Viet Minh moves, to Nam-Dinh and Thai-Binh, to the south.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LORD RUSSELL, O.M.

Awarded this year's Nobel Prize for literature for his "versatile and important writings in which he has shown himself an apostle of humanity and freedom of thought." Lord Russell (Bertrand Russell), the seventy-eight-year-old philosopher, had the Order of Merit conferred on him in 1949. Last year's prize, which had been withheld, was awarded to Mr. William Faulkner.



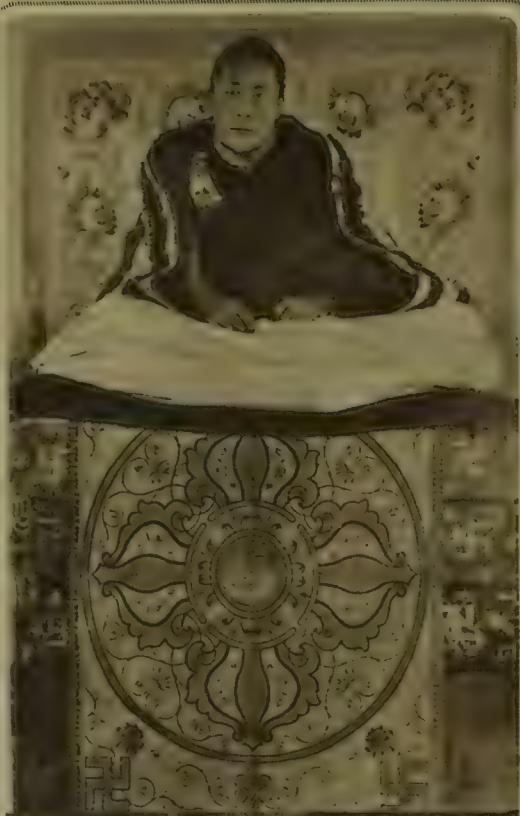
PROFESSOR CECIL F. POWELL.

Awarded the Nobel Prize for physics by the Swedish Academy. Aged forty-six, he is Professor of Physics at Bristol University. He is head of a university research team in nuclear physics and cosmic radiation. The prize was awarded for his "development of the photographic method for the study of nuclear processes and his advances in this connection on mesons."



LEAVING ALL SAINTS', KIRTLING, AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON NOVEMBER 9: LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE AND MR. PETER WHITLEY.

Lady Mary Cambridge, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge and a cousin of the King, was married on November 9, at All Saints', Kirtling, Newmarket, to Mr. Peter Whitley, only son of Sir Norman and Lady Whitley. The bride, who is twenty-six years old, wore a diamond bow brooch that was the gift of her great-aunt, Queen Mary.



SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL RULER OF TIBET: THE YOUNG DALAI LAMA, WHOSE COUNTRY IS GOVERNED BY A REGENT DURING HIS MINORITY.



APPOINTED COMMISSIONER AND C.-IN-C. IN TONGKING: GENERAL DE LA TOUR DU MOULIN. On November 8, the French Cabinet appointed General Boyer de la Tour du Moulin as Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Tongking, Indo-China, in succession to General Alessandri. The change is stated officially to have been made at General Alessandri's request. The new commander, who was born in 1896, fought in World War I.



REMEMBERING BRITAIN'S IMMORTAL DEAD: MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCHING THE CENOTAPH REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE FROM A BALCONY AT THE HOME OFFICE. In autumn sunshine the King led his people on Remembrance Sunday, November 12, in the act of remembrance at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Members of the Royal family watched the service from a balcony at the Home Office, and our photograph shows (l. to r.) Princess Marie Louise, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen and Princess Margaret. Queen Mary was absent from the ceremony for the first time, because of a cold; and a similar cause prevented Princess Elizabeth from attending.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER IN HIS HONOUR: MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS WITH LORD HALIFAX. The Pilgrims of Great Britain held a farewell dinner at the Savoy Hotel, London, on November 6, in honour of Mr. Lewis Douglas, the retiring United States Ambassador. Lord Halifax, president of The Pilgrims, proposed the toast of "The Retiring Ambassador." In his speech in response Mr. Douglas referred to the defence of the Western World.



RECENTLY IN LONDON FOR CONSULTATIONS:

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, who arrived in London at the beginning of November for consultations at the Foreign Office and Colonial Office, was due to return by air to Singapore on November 9, but he decided to postpone his return in order to pay a second short visit to Paris.



AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET: THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON, WHO RECEIVED OVER EIGHT HUNDRED GUESTS IN THE LIBRARY.

The Prime Minister attended the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall on November 9, and responded to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," proposed by the new Lord Mayor, Alderman Denys Lowson, who is forty-four, and London's youngest Lord Mayor for 600 years. His wife, the new Lady Mayoress, who is thirty-one, is the younger daughter of the late Lord Strathcarron. They have three children: two girls aged thirteen and ten, and a boy of six.



EDITOR FOR FIFTY YEARS OF THE "MINERALOGICAL MAGAZINE": DR. L. J. SPENCER.

Recently completed fifty years as Editor of the *Mineralogical Magazine*. Until his retirement in 1935, he was Keeper of Minerals at the British Museum (Natural History). Although he is eighty, he is still able, when occasion demands, to rise at 4.30 a.m. to work on proofs of a forthcoming number.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET: MRS. ATTLEE (FOURTH FROM LEFT, TOP TABLE; AND L. TO R.), THE BRAZILIAN AMBASSADOR, MISS ROWLAND, THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR SIE FREDERICK ROWLAND, THE NEW LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN DENYS LOWSON, THE PRIME MINISTER, THE HON. MRS. LOWSON, AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR.



A STRIKING FLOAT IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, WHOSE THEME WAS CIVIL DEFENCE: A ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS POST WITH "SPOTTING EQUIPMENT."



A VIVID REMINDER OF THE PAST "BLITZ" AND THE NEED FOR CIVIL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS: THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE TABLEAU.



A MARINE TABLEAU FROM THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: THE ADMIRALTY SALVAGE CLEARANCE OF HARBOURS AND RIVERS' FLOAT.



HANDSOME ASSISTANTS OF THE CIVIL DEFENCE RESCUE TEAMS: HIGHLY TRAINED ALSATIAN DOGS, AND A WOMAN MEMBER OF THE SERVICE.

CIVIC SPLENDOUR IN LONDON: THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET AND SHOW.

The weather on Lord Mayor's Day, November 9, was sombre—in harmony with the theme of the procession, which this year took the form of a Pageant of Civil Defence, a salutary reminder of the need for volunteers. The floats were designed with dramatic skill and ingenuity, and included tableaux of every aspect of defence against air attack—a Royal Observer Corps post at work, Auxiliary Fire Service and Rescue Squads in action, and anti-aircraft guns. Light relief was also supplied

by the presentation of Malta, the George Cross Island, in carnival form, with towering, comical figures, human and animal, to prance and mince their way along. There was also a splendid display of wartime and routine duties by the police. In the evening, the traditional Lord Mayor's Banquet took place at Guildhall with civic splendour. The new Lord Mayor, the youngest on record, made a witty speech, and the Prime Minister replied to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers."

"BUT THEIR NAME
LIVETH FOR
EVERMORE"—THE
ANNUAL ACT OF
REMEMBRANCE FOR
THE NATION'S
HONOURED DEAD:
LOOKING DOWN ON
THE SCENE AT
THE CENOTAPH ON
REMEMBRANCE
SUNDAY, 1950.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY this year was marked by warm and brilliant sunshine, as our picture of the ceremony shows, and the solemn sequence of the service followed what has already become a tradition, although this year there was an added poignancy in the thought that the dead of yet another war were included in the honoured memories. In our photograph can be seen clockwise round the Cenotaph from his Majesty: the Bishop of London and the choir of the Chapel Royal; the buglers of the Royal Marines (who sounded Reveille) and the trumpeters of the R.A.F. (who sounded the Last Post); the representatives of the Dominions and Commonwealth; and the Cabinet, with the Service Ministers and Mr. Churchill, the Leader of the Opposition. In the left foreground are the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards and, forming the sides of the enclosure, detachments of the Services. Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts lined the entrance to the Home Office, from the windows of which Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret followed the service. Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth were both absent, owing to colds.

SILENCE FALLS OVER WHITEHALL DURING THE NOW TIME-HONOURED CEREMONY OF THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE OF REMEMBRANCE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SUNLIT SCENE ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 12, REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, SHOWING THE KING, IN NAVAL UNIFORM, STANDING AT ATTENTION ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CENOTAPH, WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ON HIS LEFT. IN THE THIRD FROM THE LEFT WINDOW OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE HOME OFFICE CAN BE SEEN THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WERE ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE.



KOREA: CAPTURED CHINESE TROOPS AND THE NEW SITUATION FACING U.N.



A U.S. MARINE GUARDING THREE CHINESE PRISONERS, WHILE THE MARINES WERE ENCIRCLED BY CHINESE TROOPS NEAR SUDONG. NOTE SHELL-BURSTS IN BACKGROUND.



A GROUP OF CHINESE SOLDIERS CAPTURED IN EASTERN NORTH KOREA, GUARDED BY SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY POLICE IN A PRISON CAMP AT HAMHUNG.



A MAP OF NORTH KOREA SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF CHINESE TROOPS (WHITE ARROWS) AND THE APPROXIMATE FRONT AFTER ALLIED REGROUPING ACTION.



U.S. MARINES BRINGING IN THREE CHINESE PRISONERS TO THEIR COMMAND POST NEAR SUDONG. NOTE THE TYPICAL QUILTED UNIFORM.



SUPPLIES FOR THE U.N. FORCES: A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE NORTH KOREAN PORT OF WONSAN, ITS APPROACHES NOW CLEARED OF RUSSIAN-TYPE MINES, WITH A GROUP OF LANDING-CRAFT POURING MUNITIONS AND SUPPLIES ON TO THE BEACH.



ONE OF THE FIRST CHINESE OFFICERS TO BE CAPTURED IN THE NORTH KOREAN CAMPAIGN (FOREGROUND) BEING QUESTIONED BY A U.S. SERGEANT NEAR HAMHUNG.

Towards the end of October, when the United Nations forces were racing towards the Manchurian border, they were caught off-balance by very strong counter-attacks by the enemy and it soon became clear that the North Koreans were receiving strong reinforcements of fresh, well-trained Chinese forces who had come from across the Yalu River. The U.N. forces, after some severe engagements, withdrew in many

sectors and regrouped, and by November 12 had begun a gradual forward movement. On Monday, November 6, General MacArthur issued a communiqué on the situation and described the Communist action as "one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness of historic record." On November 9 the U.S., the U.K. and France asked the Security Council to discuss this reported Chinese intervention.

KOREA: U.N. AERIAL ATTACK AND ITS EFFECT ON SOME MILITARY TARGETS.



NORTH KOREANS WALKING THROUGH WHAT REMAINS OF WONSAN, THE EAST COAST PORT SEIZED BY THE SOUTH KOREANS IN THEIR ADVANCE INTO NORTH KOREA.



ONE OF NORTH KOREA'S CHIEF MILITARY OBJECTIVES, THE OIL REFINERY OF WONSAN: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY U.N. AERIAL ATTACK.



NAPALM (JELLIED PETROLEUM) BOMBS HAVE PROVED ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS OF DEALING WITH NORTH KOREAN TANKS: A DEMONSTRATION ATTACK ON A CAPTURED RUSSIAN-DESIGNED T-34 TANK.

The one arm in which the U.N. forces have always had the superiority over the North Koreans has been the air; and the use of aircraft has developed throughout the campaign. During the retreat and build-up, before the break-out from Pusan, its chief use was in attacking transport and tanks; and for this rockets and napalm bombs proved very effective. With the break-through, the bombing of North Korean



A U.S. HELICOPTER KEEPING LIAISON WITH U.S. MARINES ADVANCING ON CHANGJIN, WHILE, IN THE BACKGROUND, FORESTS BLAZE UNDER AIR AND ARTILLERY ATTACK.



A MODEL OF PRECISION BOMBING OF A SPECIAL TARGET: THE MARSHALLING YARD AT SONGJIN, AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE, COMPLETELY RAZED BY U.N. AIR ATTACK, WITH HOUSES (LEFT) UNTOUCHED.

communications and industrial targets was developed and the destruction of marshalling-yards and refineries did much to disintegrate the North Korean forces. With the recent intervention of strong and fresh Chinese forces, the target has shifted and the most recent heavy raids by U.N. bombers have been on frontier communications centres on the Yalu River.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PLANT labels have always been, and still are, one of the great unsolved problems of horticulture. The ideal, the perfect permanent label, has still, as far as I am

concerned, to be invented. Many types and varieties are on the market, some almost perfect, some good enough—up to a point—and a few downright silly. I remember seeing a rock-garden strewn with innumerable little glass tubes, each with a plant name inscribed on a slip of paper sealed up inside it. The claim that they were imperishable and permanent was all too true. They gave the effect of an overcrowded plant cemetery.

Roughly, plant labels fall into two categories: permanent and short term. It's the permanent labels which are the chief difficulty, the kind which are used for trees and shrubs, fruit trees, roses, herbaceous plants, dogs' graves, memorial trees and, perhaps, the rock-garden—in fact, the permanent garden residents as opposed to the floating population of annuals and biennials, most of the vegetables, and the more difficult alpine. The best permanent label that I know has become so much a household word that I make no bones about naming it. The "Acme." As far as I have been able to discover, it has all the virtues except perhaps one. An all-metal label, it is cast in some alloy, with the plant name in raised capitals, clear and readable. It is indestructible, does not rust, and being of a subdued leaden colour it neither shouts nor glares in the garden. At its smallest it is suitable for all but the littlest Alpine plants. At its largest it can carry a legend: "This tree was planted by General Honeybun on the occasion, etc., etc." For ground work the business part is mounted on a metal leg for sticking into the ground, or one can have types suitable for nailing-up or for hanging from a bough.

I have found only one snag with the "Acme" labels. One cannot buy them blank and add the lettering at home as and when required. One must send away and have them specially cast by the makers. In the case of really permanent specimens, this does not greatly matter. And anyway it cannot be helped.

For the rock-garden and the Alpine house, the "Serpent" label is as good as any that I know. It is a narrow strip of lead into which the lettering is punched. It is reasonably inconspicuous, clearly readable, and quite permanent. But here again one must either send away to the makers to have them lettered or invest in the special machine for printing the names at home, and this, I believe, costs several pounds.

There is much to be said for the various types of zinc label, on which the plant names are written in a special ink or a strong solution of copper sulphate. Zinc labels last almost indefinitely, and the written name lasts almost equally long. The zinc does, however, become coated with a thin, whitish film, which spreads over the plant name and more or less

MORE GARDEN EQUIPMENT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

obscures it. The usual practice, when this happens, is to moisten the thumb and wipe it over the dimmed lettering, which at once comes up black and clear and readable. I once knew a fine old gardener whose whole garden was filled with a vast collection of rare and choice plants, all of which were marked with zinc labels. The last time I visited him he was so old and infirm that he could only go round his garden in a bath-chair, from which he was unable to moisten the dimmed zinc labels with a licked thumb. Not to be beaten, he carried a long, slender bamboo cane, on the end of which was a small pad of sponge standing in a jar of water at his side.

Wooden labels, large and small, one must have for short-term work such as boxes of cuttings and seedlings. Personally I avoid those which have been "painted" with what appears to be white distemper, which soon washes off, carrying the written plant-name with it. Wood labels with coarse grain, hard and soft, like streaky lean and fat, are difficult to write on. The life of a wood label may be greatly prolonged

have yet to be produced. The first is a system of net covering for depriving birds of my strawberry crop. The usual method of planting straw-

berries in a bed, several rows wide, and then covering them with a tent-like erection of netting supported on sticks and wires is, I think, primitive and tiresome. Often it is built so low that one has to stoop low when going in to gather the crop, and almost always birds find a way in and then are unable to find a way out. A better way, I think, would be to plant the strawberries in single rows which could be reached from either side, and then cover them with a continuous row of light, arched covers, just wide enough and high enough to cover the plants comfortably, and made in short sections which could be easily lifted off and on when gathering. In fact, they would be on the principle of the well-known glass "continuous cloches," but made of netting on a light framework instead of glass.

The other piece of equipment that I want is a "long pruner" for pruning tall fruit and other trees. For many years I have possessed a long pruner, but it is so heavy and top-heavy that I seldom use it, and never for long.

It has a wooden shaft about 10 ft. long, with a sort of parrot-beak cutter at the top, which is operated by a steel rod and a lever handle at the lower end. It is well enough for pruning a branch here and a twig there for a short while, but none but an immensely strong brute—which I am not—would care to use it hour after hour. Surely a similar pruner could be constructed, with the same cutting action, but carried on a shaft of aluminium?

The light, long pruner suggests another gadget that I would like to meet in the "sundries avenue" at Chelsea—and buy—and that is

an equally long and light fruit-gatherer, with which to pick apples from tall standard trees, especially those apples—always the best—which are out of reach from a ladder.

There should be the same long, light aluminium shaft, as in the pruner, and at the top there should be a species of mouth which one could open and shut, just as one operates the long-pruner's jaws. One would put the open mouth over the apple, close it, give a slight pull, and the apple would roll from inside the mouth down a canvas throat, to land up in a receiving bag at the bottom.

Having made a free gift of these three ideas, I shall visit Chelsea next year with great expectations. It's always a pleasing sight there in the "sundries avenue," to see salesmen demonstrating secateurs on crisp apple-twigs—and making a sale almost every time. But to see a "Giraffe apple-gatherer" being demonstrated on a crop of apples, oranges and lemons previously hung on one of the old Chelsea elm-trees in that seductive avenue—well, I leave it at that.

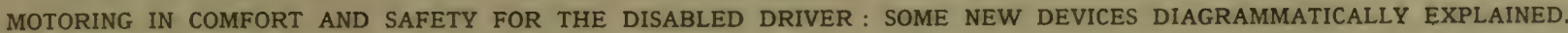


WORTHY OF THE BRUSH OF A REMBRANDT OR A VAN MIERIS: THE RICH AND EVOCATIVE INTERIOR OF A COTSWOLD POTTING-SHED, NOT FAR FROM MR. ELLIOTT'S OWN GARDEN.

"An enchanting cave of treasure," writes Mr. Elliott in a letter, "accumulated during the reign, I should say, of many generations of gardeners. It's hardly a good example of perfect order and immaculately-kept equipment. But it has charm—and produces astonishing results for the garden." And with its drying seed-heads, scythe, imperfect riddles, trugs, hanks of raffia, boxes, pots, shards, special composts and all the scree of odds and ends that accumulate about a garden, it seems to sum up and epitomise a universal childhood memory. (Photograph by J. R. Jameson.)

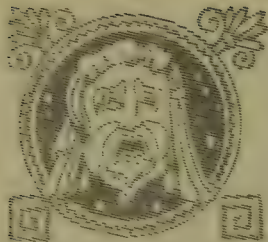
if it is treated with "Cuprinol" wood preservative, and they may be used again and again if the last names are removed with coarse sandpaper, or scraped away on the sharp edge of a piece of broken glass. For marking vegetables or other open-ground plants over a period of several months, I use ordinary smallish wood labels tied to a finger-thick stick a foot or more long. This gives them greater importance, and they are less likely to get trodden into the ground or otherwise lost. For fairly large wood labels it is a good plan to do the lettering with a transparent celluloid alphabet stencil, using the special pen and Indian ink provided. Such lettering lasts about as long as any wood label, and is beautifully clear and readable. These stencils are sold by stationers and artists' colourmen, and may be had in various sizes to suit different-sized labels. Lastly there are small green plastic or celluloid labels which are surprisingly inexpensive to buy, and excellent for use in the Alpine house. They may be written on in pencil, but Indian ink would surely last longer.

There are two items of garden equipment which I would like to possess, but which, as far as I know,

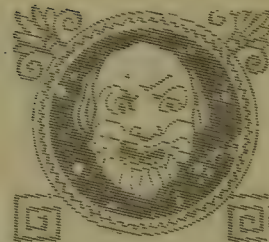


the floor of the car. The simplicity of the controls is an important advantage, as it is claimed that any experienced motorist can make himself fully conversant with them after half an hour's practice. The advantage of having a normal car instead of a smaller wheeled vehicle of the type now used by so many disabled men is the fact that the disabled driver can cover a much wider area and drive in normal-car comfort; and, as the car also retains normal controls, it can be conveniently used, if desired, by members of his family, and moved by garage hands and the like. Further, if the driver wishes to sell the car and replace it with a new one of similar make, it is a fairly easy matter to have the controls removed from the old car (which can then be disposed of as a normal car) and fitted to the new model.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ROOTES GROUP AND MESSRS. THOMSON AND TAYLOR (BROOKLANDS) LTD.



The World of the Cinema.



VICTORIA AND CHARLIE.

By ALAN DENT.

THE substance of "The Mudlark" is, when one comes to think it over, really quite extraordinarily slight for a film which has been generally elected as England's choice of the year and therefore fit for Royal presentation. It must also be allowed to be as typically English as the docks at Southampton or Liverpool, the film being presented by Darryl F. Zanuck, the director being Jean Negulesco, and Queen Victoria herself being played by the American film-actress Irene Dunne. Furthermore, the events of the

gradually submits to the persuasion of her shrewdest and subtlest counsellor. Yes, she will, after all, agree to emerge from retirement and her first public task will be to open a foundling hospital.

That is all. The incident is based on an actual event, or series of events, which we may read of in two pages of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria"—the story of the Boy Jones, who broke into Buckingham Palace three times running. But this happened many years earlier, while the Prince Consort was still alive, and it had no immediate or ultimate significance except, as Strachey says, "to open everyone's eyes to the confusion and negligence that reigned in the Palace." The film, as a whole, is lively and highly interesting and it is unlikely to jar any sensibilities, even the loftiest in the land. The most delicate point, of course, was the portrayal of the old Queen herself. Miss Dunne in a portentous make-up does passably well. The very elaborateness of the mask rather stands in the way of anything like expressiveness happening on those regal features. But her long scene confronting the boy-burglar in person is well done. She has here to be touched to the heart by the boy's forlornness and manifest loyalty, and Miss Dunne achieves the requisite emotion in her voice, since she has been prevented by the make-up department from expressing it in her face. The boy himself is very touchingly and naturally played by Master Andrew Ray, and the burly and "boozy" John Brown is roundly and

stick on the floor behind him, clasped in both hands. Somehow—exactly how is the actor's own secret—this is made the very symbol of Disraeli's character. He is consistently courteous against almost overwhelming odds. His firmness with the Queen is sheathed in layer after layer of agreeable and never over-obsequious unctious. His consistent bearing towards John Brown is the nicest and crispest admixture of bottomless patience and mannerly toleration. The voice, the deprecating set of the mouth, the hands, the bearing are utterly and consistently what we think of when we think of Disraeli. It is so complete a performance that you come away convinced that you have been privileged to see Disraeli in full and consummately tactful action, and that if the real Disraeli was not exactly like this, then he ought to have been. The performance is a challenge to any of our younger or even our older playwrights to give us a new play about Disraeli, with Mr. Guinness's exquisite and impeccable creation as its ready-made star.

Nothing more delicious—excepting, of course, Charlie Chaplin—has been seen on the screen this year. The revival of public enthusiasm for Charlie's genius is remarkable. Long, patient queues wait daily in the cold to see the revival of "City Lights" at the Rialto, in Coventry Street. I waited patiently myself and was richly rewarded and warmed by the little man's very first appearance where, the reader will remember, he is discovered asleep in the arms of



"I OVERHEAR EARNEST YOUNG PEOPLE RELAXING TO PRAISE AND RAVE OVER CHARLIE AS IF THEY HAD JUST SEEN HIM FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME . . .": THE INIMITABLE CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS THE TRAMP IN "CITY LIGHTS" (A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE), WHICH HAS BEEN REVIVED AT THE RIALTO, IN COVENTRY STREET.

film are based on a novel by Theodore Bonnet, who is, I understand, a Californian journalist, and the director of photography is Georges Perinal, who is, I know, delightfully and purely French. But then, since it was made in an English studio—at Shepperton, to be exact—we should perhaps agree to call it English, just as a cake made to an English recipe in an English kitchen may cordially be agreed to be an English cake wheresoever the flour and eggs and raisins—and even the cook!—may come from!

It is nothing against "The Mudlark" that its plot could be given on the back of a postcard. A little Cockney orphan-boy called Wheeler sneaks into Windsor Castle, where Queen Victoria is leading her life of seclusion some fifteen years after the death of the Prince Consort. He hides behind the curtains in the dining-room, falls asleep, snores, and is discovered. He pleads that he had come to see the Queen with his own eyes, never having had sound reason to believe that she really existed. Disraeli and John Brown are present. The latter befriends and champions the boy. The former, seeing in him not so much an individual as a whole class of the community, uses him as a strong argument in his task of persuading the Queen to take up public life again and to cease behaving like Shakespeare's Olivia (as he might have said and does not), living like a cloistress to season a husband's dead love "which she would keep fresh and lasting in her sad remembrance." Victoria meets the boy face to face, slowly melts, and very

bluntly delivered by Finlay Currie—that craggy ghillie who could—and did—call Queen Victoria "wumman"! to her face.

But the truly memorable thing about "The Mudlark" will be Alec Guinness's superlative portrait of Disraeli. This is acting, flawless and perfect in every gesture and tone. There is an incident in which the drunken John Brown perches the boy Wheeler on the Royal throne, and the pair are discovered by some retainers with Disraeli at their head. It is Disraeli's task to break up the deplorable scene. He does so with speed and mastery and everyone leaves the Throne Room. The last of all to leave is Disraeli himself, and you note that as he walks out he trails his ivory walking-



"... THE TRULY MEMORABLE THING ABOUT 'THE MUDLARK' WILL BE ALEC GUINNESS'S SUPERLATIVE PORTRAIT OF DISRAELI. THIS IS ACTING, FLAWLESS AND PERFECT IN EVERY GESTURE AND TONE": ALEC GUINNESS AS THE PRIME MINISTER IN "THE MUDLARK" (20TH CENTURY-FOX).

a statue which is being unveiled with public pomp and ceremony. In my comings and goings I overhear earnest young people relaxing to praise and rave over Charlie as if they had just seen him for the very first time—and the odd thing is that in many cases they are making their first acquaintance. Reverting to "The Mudlark," it occurs to me that a director like René Clair might re-handle the theme with a fictitious old queen being brought to her senses by a pathetic vagrant. The queen being non-actual, prodigies of invention would not have to be exercised to make her look like someone we all have in the mind's eye. I could cast her out of a dozen of Hollywood's beldames. And for the grown-up mudlark there is the obvious choice now joyously in our midst. It is, as goes without saying, Charlie Chaplin.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

ROYAL OCCASIONS, AND ECHOES OF WAR:
NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



REBURIED WITH HIS COMRADES IN WASHINGTON: MAJOR-GENERAL ORDE WINGATE, LEADER OF THE CHINDIT FORCE IN BURMA, WHO WAS KILLED IN 1944. Major-General Orde Wingate, leader of the Chindit force in Burma, who was killed in an air crash in Burma in March, 1944, was reburied in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, on November 10, in a single grave with those who were killed with him.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE WAR MEMORIAL OF THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT WHICH SHE HAD JUST UNVEILED: H.M. THE QUEEN AT BEDFORD. On November 11 the Queen, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, unveiled a memorial at Kempston Barracks, Bedford, to the members of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment who lost their lives in World War II. Her Majesty inspected the guard of honour before unveiling the memorial and laying a wreath at the foot. On the following day, after attending the Cenotaph service, the Queen was present at the Middle Temple service at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street.



TWO YEARS OLD ON NOVEMBER 14: PRINCE CHARLES; THREE ATTRACTIVE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY BARON IN THE GROUNDS OF CLARENCE HOUSE OF THE YOUNG SON OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. THE LITTLE PRINCE WAS WAVING TO HIS MOTHER, WHO WAS WATCHING FROM A WINDOW.



WHERE THE AUTUMN SESSION OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY WAS HELD FROM NOVEMBER 13 TO 17: THE HALL AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, WHICH HAS BEEN COMPLETELY RESTORED. The autumn session of the Church Assembly, held at Church House, Westminster, from November 13 to 17, was notable for the return of the Assembly to the hall built for its use, which was destroyed by enemy action ten years ago and has now been completely restored. Our photograph shows the combined language selector units and loud-speakers on the back of the seats.



A SERVICE OF DEDICATION AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL: THE SCENE AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON NOVEMBER 11. A memorial to the members and clerks of the Stock Exchange who lost their lives in World War II, was unveiled at the Stock Exchange on the morning of November 11 by Mr. John Braithwaite, chairman of the Stock Exchange, who can be seen standing on the platform. A tablet reads: "To the memory of those men who went out from this house and died for their King and Country."



THE "LIVING FOSSIL" TREE: A 28-MONTH-OLD SPECIMEN OF THE DAWN REDWOOD (*METASEQUOIA GLYPTOSTROBILOIDES*) GROWING IN THE OPEN AND NOW 5½ FT. HIGH.

In our issue of May 22, 1948, we described the discovery in Szechuan, China, of a small stand of trees which were previously thought extinct and existing only in fossil traces. Seed of this species (*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*) was widely distributed in this country and successfully grown. On August 27 we showed a photograph of a fourteen-month-old specimen at Bramley, Surrey. This young tree has continued to make rapid progress and is the one shown, right, above, and it is now 8 ft. 3 ins. high.



ANOTHER, DAWN REDWOOD, OF EXACTLY THE SAME AGE AS THAT SHOWN LEFT; BUT, IN THIS CASE, GROWN IN A COLD HOUSE (AT BRAMLEY) AND ALREADY 8 FT. 3 INS. HIGH.

IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY: CURRENT NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A JACK IN EVERY BUMPER: A GERMAN CAR DEVICE WHICH ENABLES EVERY WHEEL OF A CAR TO BE RAISED FROM THE GROUND, EITHER SEPARATELY, OR ALL AT ONCE.

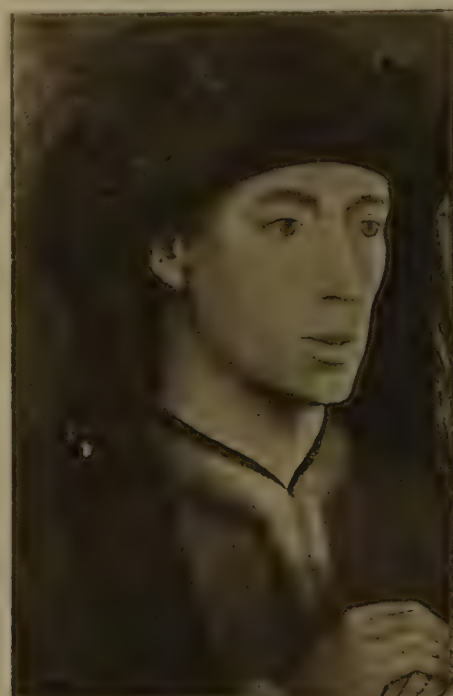


SOLD FOR £21,000 AT SOTHEBY'S: A SELF-PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN FROM THE DOVERDALE COLLECTION. The high price of £21,000 was given at Sotheby's on November 8 for a Rembrandt self-portrait from the Doverdale collection, by a Dutch collector, Meinheer Kees Hermen. It is an extremely fine work, 28½ by 23½ ins., painted on panel, and was at one time in the collection of Duke Eugen von Leuchtenberg. It was shown in the Dutch Exhibition, Burlington House, 1929.



A MAGNIFICENT NEW ACQUISITION FOR THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SILVER-GILT SALVER OF 1822-23.

This large salver, with a diameter of 28 ins., was made in 1822-23 and bears the maker's mark of Philip Rundell. It is believed to have descended from Rundell's possession and may have been made for a State occasion and left on his hands. It may have been designed by Pistrucchi, who designed the George and Dragon for the sovereign in 1817. The circular frieze is obviously inspired by the Parthenon frieze, which the British Museum acquired in 1810.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 6200 GUINEAS: A PORTRAIT BY VAN DER WEYDEN.

A Portrait of a Young Man on a panel, 13 ins. by 8½ ins., by Rogier van der Weyden (1400-64), realised 6200 guineas (Wallraf) at Christie's on November 3. It was one of the collection sold by order of the executors of the fifth Earl of Malmesbury.

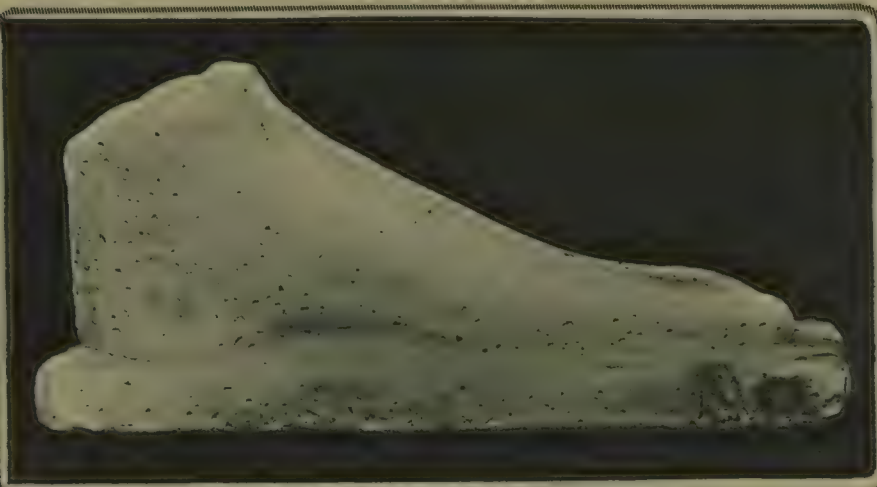
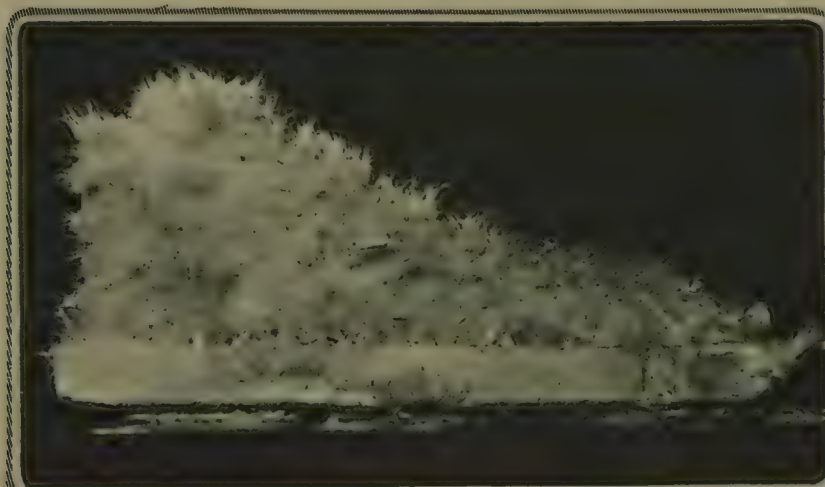


"BLOW FOOTBALL" CARRIED TO ITS LOGICAL CONCLUSION; AND A GAME IN WHICH THERE MUST BE A TEMPTATION TO "GO FOR THE MAN, NOT THE BALL": GERMAN FIREMEN STAGE A GAME OF "HOSE BALL" DURING A FIRE-PREVENTION WEEK.



NEARING THE END OF HIS LAST JOURNEY: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ARRIVING AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CHAPEL AT GOLDERS GREEN CREMATORIUM ON NOVEMBER 6, WATCHED BY A LARGE CROWD.

SCIENCE AIDS THE BRITISH MUSEUM: "BEFORE-AND-AFTER" EXAMPLES.

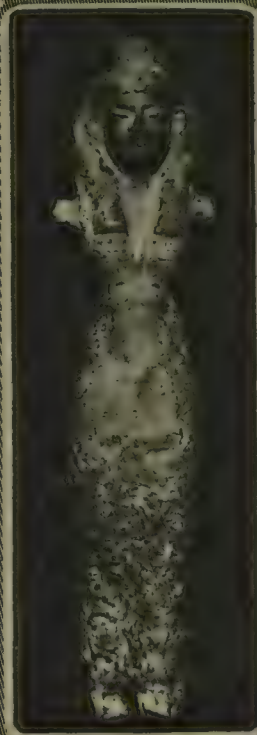


FIGS. 1 AND 2. A PTOLEMAIC LIMESTONE FOOT BEFORE AND AFTER TREATMENT TO REMOVE CRYSTALLINE SALTS.

On this and the two succeeding pages we show a number of extremely interesting examples of the work of the British Museum's Research Laboratory, concerning whose origins and purpose Dr. H. J. Plenderleith, M.C., F.S.A., Keeper of the Research Laboratory, writes:

IN the year 1920, a small chemical laboratory was set up at the British Museum under the aegis of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, charged with the task of finding a remedy for the

[Continued below, left.]



FIGS. 3 AND 4. A BRONZE ISIS (?) IN WHICH COPPER INCRUSTATIONS (LEFT) WERE REMOVED BY MECHANICAL CLEANING (RIGHT).

[Continued.] ill-effects suffered by the Museum collection through storage in the Underground during the First World War. It was expected that the work would take a matter of three years to complete, but it was soon evident that a scientific service in the British Museum was indispensable. Consequently, instead of being liquidated at the end of the scheduled period, the accommodation of the laboratory was increased and the original terms of reference extended so that scientific and technical information could be made available to curators and collectors throughout the country. Eventually, as was inevitable, the Research Laboratory was incorporated into the Museum as a Department in its own right, and to-day, enjoying the prestige of the British Museum, its influence is felt, and its advice sought, by custodians of antiquities throughout the civilised world. From the very beginning a systematic study of materials was undertaken, and particular



FIGS. 7 AND 8. A ROMANO-BRITISH STEELYARD BEFORE AND AFTER ZINC AND CAUSTIC SODA TREATMENT.

attention paid to the effect of changing humidities and temperatures on the stability of Museum objects, so that, when a Second World War made it necessary once more to move the collections to places of

[Continued overleaf.]

(LEFT.)

FIGS. 9 AND 10. HERE CHEMICAL METHODS REMOVED CORROSION AND SHOWED THE ORNAMENT OF THIS BRONZE AEGIS OF ISIS.

(RIGHT.)

FIGS. 11 AND 12. ONE OF THE FINEST ROMAN WRIST PURSES EXTANT, BEFORE AND AFTER RESTORATION.

Photographs Copyright by British Museum.



WHAT THE BRITISH MUSEUM LABORATORY DOES: RECONSTRUCTING THE SUTTON HOO SHIELD.



FIG. 13. THE DISCOVERY OF THE FAMOUS SUTTON HOO SHIELD: A FIELD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A COMPLEX OF GILT ORNAMENTS ROUND A LARGE BOSS.



FIG. 14. THE ELEMENTS OF THE SHIELD LAID OUT TO DISCOVER THE ORIGINAL SHAPE AND SPATIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SURVIVING ORNAMENT.



FIG. 15. THE SHIELD RECONSTRUCTED—BACK VIEW. THE ORIGINAL IRON GRIP ON A MODERN LEATHER-COVERED DISC. THE LEATHER SLING (LEFT) REPRODUCES THE ORIGINAL PATTERN.



FIG. 16. THE SHIELD RECONSTRUCTED—FRONT VIEW. THE GILT-BRONZE AND GARNET ORNAMENTS ARE MOUNTED ON A MODERN REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL WHOSE SIZE IS REVEALED BY THE SURVIVING FRAGMENTS



FIG. 17. A BACK VIEW (NATURAL SIZE) OF PART OF THE TAIL END OF THE DRAGON ORNAMENT (FIG. 18) DURING RESTORATION.



FIG. 18. THE LARGE DRAGON ORNAMENT OF THE SHIELD. FIG. 17 SHOWS A BACK VIEW OF PART AND REVEALS AN ANCIENT REPAIR. THE SHIELD WAS OLD WHEN ORIGINALLY BURIED.

Photographs, Copyright by British Museum.

Continued.

safety, the authorities had at their command a valuable fund of scientific data. The British Museum Research Laboratory collaborated in the design of wartime repositories large enough to hold material many times the quantity and value of that stored in the earlier war, and on this occasion, after the cessation of hostilities, it was possible to claim that not one single object had suffered through its enforced incarceration. In this proud achievement many shared, but it was primarily a triumph for that particular branch of museum science cultivated in the fruitful no-man's-land lying between chemistry, physics, and biology on the one hand, and archæology and the fine arts on the other. With the accumulation of knowledge and experience, and the facilities of a well-equipped laboratory, museum science is now in a position to afford the curator a variety of services over and above those directly concerned with conservation (Figs. 1 to 12). For instance, materials can now be identified for the archæologist by modern methods of chemical and spectrographic analysis, and in cases

where sampling is inappropriate owing to the extreme value or rarity of the objects, the laboratory can provide methods of non-destructive testing such as microscopy, and the use of ultra-violet and X-rays. . . . In libraries and muniment-rooms scientific control is applied in the selection of materials suitable for mounting, binding and repair work generally, and the characteristic diseases of these materials, mildew and foxing, have now ceased to be regarded as incurable. Faded or erased writings are common in all collections, and in certain cases these may be rendered visible by the

[Continued opposite.]

HOW THE RESEARCH LABORATORY WORKS: RE-CREATING THE GREAT HORN OF SUTTON HOO.

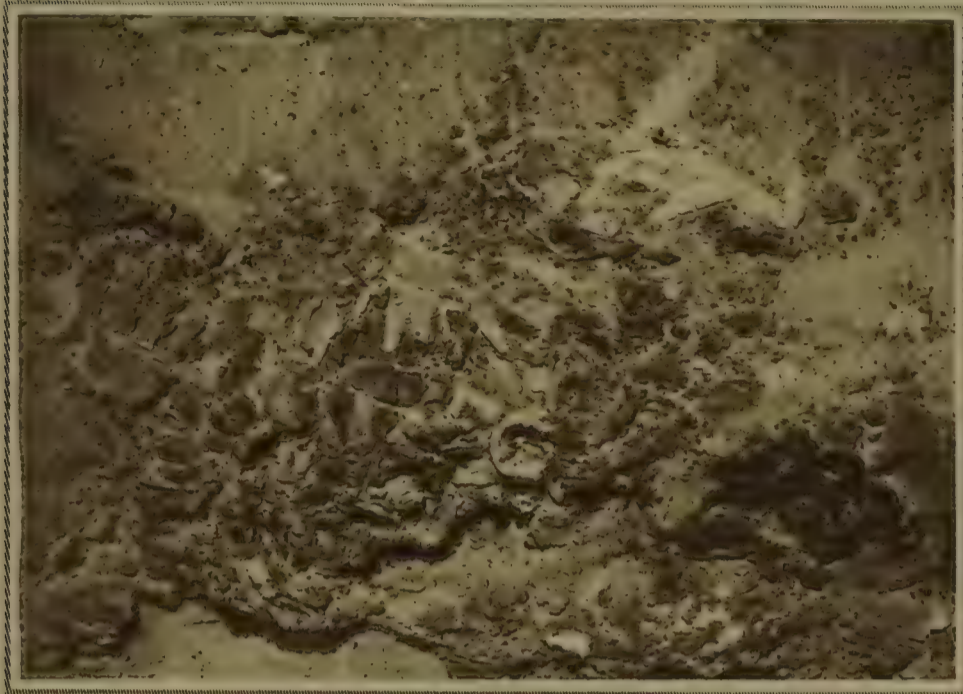


FIG. 19. A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S RESEARCH LABORATORY WORK IN COLLECTION AND RECONSTRUCTION: PART OF THE SUTTON HOO SHIP BURIAL DISCOVERY.



FIG. 20. A SECTION OF THE FIND OF FIG. 19 LIFTED ON A SHEET OF GLASS, READY FOR PACKING AND DESPATCH TO THE RESEARCH LABORATORY AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



FIG. 21. EACH SECTION SO LIFTED (SEE FIG. 20) IS PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS BOX, AFTER FITTING A NUMBERED AND LETTERED THREAD GRID, TO ESTABLISH EACH FRAGMENT'S LOCATION.

Continued.

fluorescent cabinet, or by specialised methods of photography (e.g., by plates sensitive to infra-red rays), or even, in some cases, by the chemical intensification of faded inks. A speciality of the British Museum Laboratory is the reconstruction of materials found in fragmentary condition during archaeological excavations (Figs. 13 to 23). Displayed in the galleries of the British Museum are many examples of elaborate objects reconstructed in the Research Laboratory from fragments excavated at Ur of the Chaldees, and more recently, the rich jewellery and grave goods from the Sutton Hoo ship burial. The process of reconstruction often involves the search for evidence of, for example, the previous existence of material no longer extant (bone or ivory in an acid soil) or the original dimensions and shape of objects found in the ground in a crushed and distorted condition.

It may interest our readers to learn that following a recent meeting of museum scientists in the U.S., an international association has been founded, called the International Institute for the Conservation of Museum Objects, or "I.I.C." The president is Mr. George Stout, of Worcester Art Gallery, U.S.A., the vice-president and Secretary-General Mr. F. I. G. Rawlins, of the National Gallery, and Dr. Plenderleith is the Honorary Treasurer. The Institute plans to publish a scientific and technical journal and, eventually, to train students in this new museum science. The general purpose of the Institute is stated as being "to preserve for posterity its rich and historic heritage."



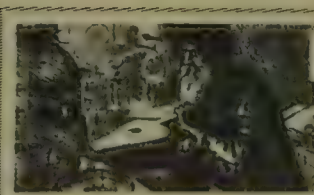
FIG. 22. AFTER PHOTOGRAPHING (FIG. 21), THE FRAGMENTS ARE SORTED OUT AND PLACED ON CARDS ON WHICH THEY ARE DRAWN AND DESCRIBED. IT BECOMES APPARENT THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL HORNS.



FIG. 23. THE GREAT AUROCHS HORN OF SUTTON HOO RECONSTRUCTED. THE GILT BRONZE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED (FIG. 19) ARE FITTED TO A PLASTER MODEL WHOSE SIZE IS CLEARLY DEFINED BY THEIR SHAPE. Photographs. Copyright by British Museum.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE STEPHENS ISLAND FROG.

By W. H. DAWBIN.

(Lecturer in Zoology, Victoria University College, Wellington, New Zealand.)

In January, 1950, Mr. R. Dawbin, who accompanied me, located one frog on our third day of searching. It was the only one seen during this visit, but it proved that the frog was still maintaining its precarious existence. Five more were found during a visit in May, and were

suggests this. However, it does need a high humidity, and this is probably fairly constant in the still air below the pile of boulders. Early stages in the life-history of the Stephens Island frog have still not been discovered, but there are fortunately two other less localised species of New Zealand frogs closely related to it. These have been studied by a number of observers and it seems very probable that the habits and life-history of the Stephens Island frog will prove to be fairly similar. The first of these

ON a small island in Cook Strait, New Zealand, lives the world's only known colony of one of the rarest of frogs—*Liopelma hamiltoni*, or the Stephens Island frog. An extremely primitive and almost extinct species, the Stephens Island frog belongs, it has been claimed, to the original family from which all frogs have sprung. Features which, in combination, distinguish this rarity from its modern contemporaries are a tadpole stage within the egg, ribs on the skeleton, vein patterns with some resemblances to those of newts and fish, the absence of webbing between the toes, and relatively huge protruding eyes. The frog is about 1½ ins. long and is a golden-brown colour on the back, with irregular black markings on the body and limbs. It has a well-defined black line running from the snout to well behind the eyes, and there is a triangular-shaped patch coloured light brown running from the top to the middle of the otherwise black eyes. The New Zealand colony of this rare animal lives under the boulders of an exposed bank at the highest point of Stephens Island. The bank covers only about 500 square yards, and perhaps the most unusual thing about it is the complete absence of either lying or running water.

There is little about the appearance of Stephens Island to suggest that it shelters this unique frog colony. The rugged cliffs and tussock-covered slopes rise steeply from the shore, reaching a height of nearly 1000 ft. in the total area of only 500 acres. D'Urville Island, which is much larger, lies two miles to the south, and beyond this stretches the South Island. Stephens Island is the most northerly islet of the South Island group and lies at the gateway to Cook Strait, between the North and South Islands of New Zealand. It first became a centre of interest to zoologists in the 1890's, when the ancient tuatara, an indigenous New Zealand reptile, was found here in large numbers. From then on this small island was thoroughly examined by visiting biologists. In spite of this, the presence of the colony of ancient frogs was not discovered or suspected until 1917, when the first specimen was collected from under the boulders at the top of the island. This boulder bank was then enclosed in forest, but this has since died, and is now represented by a few moribund trees near by. The bank itself is fully exposed to the full force of winds from most directions, and is unprotected from strong sunlight. It measures only about 60 ft. by 80 ft., but within this area the boulders are piled several feet deep in most places. This unpromising site is the only spot in which *Liopelma hamiltoni* has been found, and the few specimens that have been collected have all been taken within this area. The record of past searches for the frog show that even there it has not been easy to locate.

In 1918, the late Dr. J. Thompson, then Director of the New Zealand Dominion Museum, enlisted the aid of the lighthouse-keepers' families in an endeavour to collect more specimens, but this combined team searched the bank fruitlessly for a week, and were about to abandon the search when a number of frogs were found together under one large boulder. In 1922, another team searched for several days before finding any specimens. Two more were found by an American expedition a few years later, but there appears to be no record of any further captures, even by the families of resident lighthouse-keepers, until after the island was occupied by naval forces during World War II. Several hundred men stayed for varying times during the four years the island was garrisoned, and many of these spent some of their time off duty in searching for the Stephens Island frog. As far as can be ascertained, only one person, Mr. D. Nelson, was fortunate enough to find any. In 1942 he located two frogs which were released on the bank again after he had photographed them. Until 1950 no more were seen in spite of searches for several days by parties of four or five who visited the island with me every two or three months during 1949. It had begun to look as though the continuous drying-out which followed the disappearance of the bush had finally proved too great an obstacle to the frogs' survival.



THE HOME OF ONE OF THE RAREST OF FROGS: A VIEW OF THE SUMMIT RIDGE ON STEPHENS ISLAND, WITH NEARBY D'URVILLE ISLAND IN BACKGROUND.

The home of the rare frog *Liopelma hamiltoni* is in a boulder bank just over the knoll forming the summit of the main ridge. The stunted patch of trees is on the far side of the hollow separating them from the bank.



REMARKABLE FOR THE ABSENCE OF WEBBING BETWEEN THE TOES, RELATIVELY HUGE, PROTRUDING EYES, AND RIBS ON THE SKELETON: THE STEPHENS ISLAND FROG, *LIOPELMA HAMILTONI*.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand.

released after photographs and measurements had been taken. This larger number gives more confidence in the survival of the tiny colony. The small number of Stephens Island frogs seen during the years since its discovery in 1917, and the fact that none of the few which were taken away from the bank survived for more than a short period, means that we have almost no direct knowledge of the habits and life-history of the animal. It is obvious that it does not need lying or running water at any stage of its life-history, as there is no water above ground near the boulder bank at any time of the year. The complete absence of webbing between the toes of the adult also

other frogs was described in 1861. It had been discovered several years earlier, but it had been unknown to the Maoris, who were keen observers of nature. Early studies of this species showed that the genus *Liopelma* has a number of characteristics which are more primitive than those found in other living frogs. In the skeleton there are small ribs which have been lost in all other frogs except the related American ribbed frogs (*Ascaphus*) of north-west United States. These, although so far away from New Zealand, are the only other surviving members of the family which includes *Liopelma*.

Some features in the structure of other parts of the skeleton, especially the vertebrae, are also found in some early fossil amphibia, but not in any other frogs living to-day. It is believed that the group was once much more widespread and that similar forms were the ancestral stock from which the other frog families have been derived. For this reason, a special interest is being taken in the few surviving members of the group. More recently, the pattern of the veins and arteries in one of the *Liopelmas* has been studied by Dr. Elsie and Dr. N. G. Stephenson of Auckland. They find that the arrangement of the veins shows certain resemblances to that of the tailed amphibians such as newts. The vein pattern of newts show more similarities to those of fish than do the vein patterns of any modern frogs or toads.

For some time it has been known that the species of *Liopelma* from northern New Zealand lives under stones, logs and boulders near the crests of hills, which are somewhat similar to the conditions favoured by the Stephens Island frog. One of the northern *Liopelmas* may, however, be sometimes found in seepages by watercourses, even partly sitting in water, so it became a matter of some interest whether the development of the young of these *Liopelmas* differed from one another or from the usual tadpole larva produced by most frogs. It was not until 1922 that the early stages of one of the northern species were first described and shown to have a small tadpole stage which, however, develops inside a capsule in the egg, instead of leading a free-swimming existence in water. The tiny tadpole moves about in the fluid inside the capsule, develops its legs and begins to resorb the tail before emerging as a small frog, similar to the adult in general appearance except for the presence of a short tail. Recently eggs of the other northern *Liopelma* were found and their development followed similar lines to those of the first. A more detailed study of the development of both these forms has been carried out by Dr. Elsie and Dr. N. G. Stephenson, and the full account is being eagerly awaited by those interested in this ancient group.

As the Stephens Island frog has never been found near water, it is surmised that it cannot possibly have a free-swimming tadpole stage, and it is very likely that its development follows similar lines to that of the northern species. Most of these deductions about the Stephens Island frog still have to be confirmed by a study of the living animal, and it is hoped that the small colony in the boulder bank will survive their slowly changing conditions, and that there will be opportunities for studying their habits and life-history. So few members of the ancient family to which they belong have survived into modern times that it is most important to obtain all the information possible on each species. The tiny area inhabited by the Stephens Island frog makes it by far the most restricted of the known frog colonies, and at present it is one of the least known. The New Zealand Government has imposed a very strict protection on the colony, and is taking steps to see that conditions there do not deteriorate.

THE RARE WEB-LESS-TOED FROG OF NEW ZEALAND AND ITS ISLAND HABITAT IN COOK STRAIT.



(LEFT.) THE LANDING-POINT ON STEPHENS ISLAND: A VIEW SHOWING THE CRANE BY WHICH VISITORS ARE HOISTED ASHORE, THE RAILWAY FOR LUGGAGE AND THE WINCH-HOUSE AT THE TOP.



(RIGHT.) CLAIMED TO BELONG TO THE ORIGINAL FAMILY FROM WHICH ALL FROGS HAVE SPRUNG: THE STEPHENS ISLAND FROG, SHOWING THE LARGE BLACK EYES WHICH PROJECT PROMINENTLY ABOVE THE HEAD.



HAULED BY CABLE TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF: THE RAILWAY TROLLEY LOADED WITH LUGGAGE, LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPERS AND VISITORS.

(ABOVE.) THE MOST APPROACHABLE PART OF THE ISLAND: VISITORS BEING LIFTED OFF A LAUNCH IN A BOX WHICH IS SWUNG ON TO A LANDING-STAGE.

ON "The World of Science" page in this issue Mr. W. H. Dawbin describes a colony of rare frogs found on a small island in Cook Strait, New Zealand, which is claimed to represent the original family from which all frogs have sprung. The frog is about 1½ ins. in length, of a golden-brown colour broken by black markings which are especially prominent as a line running from the snout to behind the eyes. The eyes are black, with a triangular section of brown at the top, and project prominently above the head. In keeping with its independence of water, there is a complete absence of webbing between the toes.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand.

(RIGHT.) AERIAL VIEW OF STEPHENS ISLAND LOOKING SOUTH: THE FROG COLONY IS IN A BOULDER BANK ON THE SMALL SLOPE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE FEW TREES VISIBLE ON THE HIGHEST POINT.





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ORMOLU AND OTHER THINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A THREE-DAYS sale of porcelain, French Furniture and tapestries belonging to the Baroness Burton, which is to be held at Christie's on November 22 and the two following days, will be a notable affair, for it is a long time since quite so sumptuous a range of fine things has appeared on the market. "Sumptuous" is, I think, the word, and one which during the long winter of our discontent has in certain quarters acquired a derogatory meaning, as if by some Divine injunction the hard-working inhabitants of these islands had been forbidden to enjoy anything but dim and anæmic abstractions. It is the fashion to look back to the extravagance of the eighteenth century in Europe and shake one's head wisely and sadly, as befits a generation which is not by any means carefree; at the same time, it is impossible not to be beguiled by its grace, by its integrity, by its gaiety, by its exquisite sense of balance, by its meticulous craftsmanship. Very great works of art are rare in any age, and few will claim the highest rank for any but two or three great names of the period—but what a flowering of the minor graces of life!—the cabinet-making, the porcelain, the clock-making and so forth!—what command over intractable materials, and what nice judgment in knowing exactly at what point light-hearted decoration must stop if it is not to plunge into an abyss of fussy incongruities. Here in Fig. 1 is something chosen haphazard among many equally luxurious objects to illustrate this theme.

To some very sober tastes it may appear at first sight a trifle ridiculous, asking too much of our imagination—a clock in the middle of a tree which grows strange and beautiful flowers as big as—no, much bigger than—the heads of the porcelain lady and her children beneath. But this is fairyland and not the workaday world. I think the details are worth a note, otherwise one is inclined to glance at

two children, the woman seated on a chair with a girl at her side and with a younger child on her knee; this porcelain base is modelled with scrolls and wave ornament and encrusted with flowers. It is very gay, very foolish, and yet somehow tender and even touching, with a hint that the bright flowers and brighter children are all subject to Time's inexorable dictatorship.

Now for another clock (Fig. 2) in a very different mode—a thing of dignity rather than gaiety, and no less sumptuous. The maker, Mathieu, of Paris. If Fig. 1 was made about 1780, this belongs to the 1750's, and is remarkable for the quality of its chased ormolu mounts—the swags

the bequest of the late Lord Iveagh), until its sale about 1870 to Mr. Michael Bass, father of the first Lord Burton. One could say a great deal about these tapestries and about a dozen or more other items of nearly equal splendour, but clearly this is impossible.

I began by drawing attention to certain details in comparatively minor objects which might pass unnoticed at a casual glance, and propose to treat two pieces of furniture in the same manner. Consider first then the *Bureau-à-Cylindre* of Fig. 3. I suppose that 90 per cent. of our people, nurtured as they are in offices up and down the country,

without many opportunities for seeing the furniture of the past, are under the impression that a roll-top desk was an invention from across the Atlantic—certainly an "American roll-top" was a standard item in office furniture catalogues of a generation ago. Here is something quite different from the mean, mass-produced product of commercialism: origin Paris, by a *maître-ébéniste* (it is stamped R.V.L.C., ME and J. Layton) and dates from the 1750's. The woods used are mahogany and kingwood in various combinations, and the mounts are ormolu, beautifully cast and chased—flower-sprays, scrolls and foliage. The legs have a slight cabriole, and the mounts are designed in such a way that they in no way overwhelm a piece which would be a thing of great luxury even without them. This is the type of bureau which eventually became Anglicised in a modified form (not always, it must be confessed, too happily, because we were rather prone to give it somewhat ordinary turned legs instead of taking greater pains). Anglicised as a "Carlton House bureau" the design is familiar enough.

Fig. 4, one of the ten similar library tables in this sale, has a less luxurious air or, at any rate, seems less remarkable in a photograph, but deserves no less close attention. It is by the well-known *maître-ébéniste* H. Petit. Apart from its admirable proportions, it displays a very nice balance between applied ormolu mounts on toes and legs and on each side of the centre drawer (scrolls and foliage) and a very



FIG. 1. A LOUIS XVI. MANTEL CLOCK BY JEAN JACQUES IGNACE LE FAUCHEUR, WITH A MEISSEN PORCELAIN GROUP ON THE BASE.



FIG. 2. A LOUIS XV. MANTEL CLOCK BY MATHIEU, OF PARIS, ENCLOSED IN AN ORMOLU VASE-SHAPED CASE WITH ROTATING DIALS.

of fruit and flowers and foliage and, below, on the pedestal, rams' masks with festoons of laurel foliage suspended from them. The movement is enclosed in the vase-shaped case at the top, and the two dials rotate—the minutes above are shown in Arabic, the hours in Roman numerals. Beneath them is a lizard whose tail curves upwards and so acts as a pointer, the single note of gaiety in

a rich but rather sombre design. On the pedestal base is inset a circular white enamelled dial, which shows the days of the week and month, and months of the year, while round the border are the signs of the Zodiac. It is a beautiful example of mechanical ingenuity presented in a setting of sober magnificence.

These two clocks are two



FIG. 3. A LOUIS XV. PARQUETRY BUREAU-À-CYLINDRE WITH TAMBOUR RISING FRONT ENCLOSEING FOUR SMALL DRAWERS, INLAID WITH MAHOGANY AND KINGWOOD.

this and similar pieces of pretty, nonsense without realising the care and skill which went to their manufacture. Horological experts will presumably have no eyes for anything but the timepiece which is the excuse for all this display of virtuosity. It is by Jean Jacques Ignace Le Faucheur, clockmaker to Louis XVI., a piece of first-class workmanship by a well-known maker. Its setting is pure fantasy. From an ormolu (gilt-bronze) base with feet in the shape of scrolled foliage, the tree-trunk rises and forms a frame for the drum-shaped clock face, round which porcelain flowers blossom. All this is nicely modulated to allow room for a Meissen group of a woman with

out of nineteen French clocks, and are two items out of a sale which contains more than 300 lots, the last of which—No. 322—consists of a set of seven Gobelin tapestries, illustrating the history of Jason as related by Ovid, which would be almost a sale by itself. It appears to be one of twelve sets originally woven at the Gobelins factory; this one was presented in 1787 by the French Crown to the Comte de Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to celebrate the signing of a commercial treaty with England. It was purchased somewhere between 1800 and 1820 by the third Earl of Mansfield, and presumably hung at Kenwood, the great Adam house on Hampstead Heath (now open to all of us by



FIG. 4. A LOUIS XV. LIBRARY MARQUETRY TABLE INLAID WITH FLOWER-SPRAYS IN VARIOUS WOODS ON A KINGWOOD GROUND MOUNTED WITH ORMOLU.

delicate inlay of flower-sprays in various woods on a kingwood ground. The photograph can do little more than provide a faint indication of this most agreeable feature. The borders to the black leather-covered top (not, of course, visible in the illustration) are inlaid with rosette medallions and bands. As in all fine furniture of this age and country, as much pains have been taken over keyholes and handles as over more obvious parts; in this example the laurel-wreath ormolu handles seem exactly right for so delicate a background and are in themselves a delight to the discerning eye. By such trifles can fine things be made or marred.

WILSON AND CONSTABLE "FINDS" AND FINE FRENCH LANDSCAPES.



"TROUVILLE"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898). A BEAUTIFUL COAST SCENE TYPICAL OF THE WORK OF THIS ARTIST, MONET'S FIRST TEACHER. PAINTED IN 1895. (21½ ins. by 32 ins.)



"ROME FROM THE PONTE MOLLE"; BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. (1713-1782), A RECENTLY DISCOVERED PAINTING FROM LORD CLINTON'S COLLECTION. (38 ins. by 53 ins.)



"SANNOIS"; BY MAURICE UTRILLO (B. 1883), A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF THIS ARTIST, PAINTED IN 1912. FROM THE LIBAUDE COLLECTION. (23½ ins. by 32 ins.)

An interesting exhibition, under the title of "Recent Acquisitions," opens at Arthur Tooth's Bruton Street galleries on November 20 and will continue until December 20. The works on view include two important "discoveries." One is the study for Constable's famous work "The Lock," painted as his Diploma picture on his election as a Royal Academician in 1829 which now hangs in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House. It was recently found in Exeter. The sepia drawing on which the subject is based is in the collection of the late Mr. P. M. Turner. It will be remembered



"CANAL À BRUXELLES"; BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891), THE DUTCH-BORN ARTIST, FRIEND OF BOUDIN, MONET AND COURBET. PAINTED IN 1870. (9½ ins. by 12½ ins.)



STUDY FOR "THE LOCK"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). PAINTED C. 1825. RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN EXETER, IT IS THE STUDY FOR THE ARTIST'S DIPLOMA WORK ON BEING ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN IN 1829. (40½ ins. by 51 ins.)



"LA PIÈCE D'EAU À KEW"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903). IN 1892 HE PAINTED ELEVEN CANVASES IN KEW GARDENS. (18 ins. by 21 ins.)

that the earlier and better-known version of "The Lock," engraved by David Lucas, upright in shape and varying considerably in composition, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1824, when it was purchased by the late Mr. Samuel Morrison, in the possession of whose descendants it remains. The Wilson is also a most important "find," as it is one of the artist's earliest landscapes, hitherto only known from the drawing in Lord Dartmouth's collection. It recently came to light, and has already been purchased by the National Museum of Wales.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TO those who read "A Bell for Adano," "The Wall," by John Hersey (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.), will come as an impressive shock. Again the author has a war subject. But while his first book was attractive, slight and rather irritating in its kind patronage—how nice and quaint, it seemed to say, these Italians are!—the present work is huge and sombre, almost forbidding. Its theme is the extermination of the Warsaw Jews. In this wholesale and ghastly record, there is no place for charm. Relief is not attempted. All the main facts are history, and the fictitious narrative appears as fact. It is supposed to be an extract, a colossal extract, from the notes made by Noach Levinson, and buried in the ruins of the ghetto as its sole memorial. This frame of truthfulness is highly elaborate, worked out in the minutest detail, and in some ways unlucky. Knowing that its ingenuities are all a fake, one can't help being teased by them.

Yet the idea was not gratuitous, or ill-conceived; it is, indeed, a fair compromise. Frankly, if this were not a novel, it might not be read. The stuff is too grim, and public interest has already sickened; the bare events, without "the mixture of a lie," might be refused off-hand. But since the author's real concern is with the truth, he has designed his lie to blend into it, if possible to dissolve in it. The fiction raises no challenge; it has no plot, and almost no appeal. The characters have no direct life; they are described and analysed at length, but they remain obscure, and obstinately uninteresting. Which, as we know them only by report, and through the "archivist," is all right enough; it is what nearly always happens, though I don't say it was intended. Nor would I say they were intended to be so charmless. But whether meant or not, it has a certain virtue, for they don't interfere. Like the fictitious incidents, they are engulfed by the theme of horror.

For on the whole this book is a success and a profound experience. The author's judgment is unsure, he can be rather slow, and I suspect that fiction is not his talent; but he has done the job. He has created, with enormous industry and great journalistic power, the overwhelming mass effect he set out for. All the accretions seem to fall away, and we are left with nothing but the real story. The ghetto was a concentration camp in home surroundings, and we know almost every feature; only the Jewish politics are individual, and the final rising. True, its invasion of the streets, its rate of growth and its precocious flowering into carnage unlimited mark off this Himmler-product as a special case—as though it were an evolution speeded up for display. But in itself, the process is familiar. We have had records of it, genuinely first-hand; perhaps this writer was inspired by one. What he has not been able to impart is warmth. In most of us, prolonged and fearful, and above all mass suffering excites more awe than human interest. It is too much, it is repellent.

Now from the ghastly to the disagreeable—which seems a come-down. "The Wall," though gripping, is extremely like work; "The Spanish Gardener," by A. J. Cronin (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is short and light, and disagreeable in quite a small way. But then, the ghetto was a fact; "The Spanish Gardener" is nasty of its own motion.

It is the story of a little boy devoured by his father's love. Harrington Brande, the new American consul at San Jorge, has stuck in his career, estranged his wife, and centred all his dominance and passion on the child Nicholas. He is a grotesque, a pedant and a snob, a self-righteous tyrant, a neurotic bore. And his monopolising love has turned the child, who loves him back warmly, into a chronic invalid. But in their new home, they have a big, wild garden, and a Spanish youth to look after it. Nicholas's heart goes out to José at the first glance. Soon they have made friends; the child begins to work and play, and take a fresh hold on life. But then the Consul sees what is happening. Consumed with jealousy, he sets out to break the friendship and ruin the intruder. He enlists allies. One is his friend Professor Halevy, a devil's abbé, a "satanic prelate"—in short, a bad psychiatrist. Next to this man of science, the Consul leans upon his Spanish butler, whom he regards as most "superior" and right-minded—but who, as Nicholas divines with terror, is a criminal lunatic.

This mean and mad conspiracy against the helpless does not make pleasant reading. Nor could I feel that it was justified as art. But it is handled with ease and skill.

And now for the relief. I need not say that in "The Grand Sophy," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), all disagreeables are barred, and we have only to relax and enjoy ourselves. Here all is Regency, romance and mirth, on the familiar lines, and in the old, careful idiom. The plot makes little odds, for it is always good fun, always ingeniously contrived, and always the same in essence. But to be more particular—the "grand Sophy" has been condemned to the seclusion of a few months in Berkeley Square. She is the long-legged, merry, overpowering daughter of a wandering diplomat. Now he is leaving on a mission to South America, and Sophy thinks her aunt's house will be dull work. Sir Horace tells her there is no fear of that—she will soon hit upon some ploy. Within an hour of her arrival, she has taken on the whole family. Something must be done about Cecilia's love-affair, and Hubert's Oxford debts, and Charles's domineering ways—and Sophy is the girl to do it. And she does, with great fire and energy.

"A Graveyard to Let," by Carter Dickson (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), launches the redoubtable H.M. upon the New World. On disembarking, he is "kidnapped" by an old friend, who challenges him to solve a miracle. As the insoluble is his peculiar field, of course he takes up the glove. And Manning promptly disappears in his own swimming-pool, before the eyes of several spectators, H.M. included. This is a poser if you like—and the attendant circumstances, in their own way, are just as odd. For Manning would appear to have destroyed his life-work and reversed his whole character. But through this tangle of impossibilities, the "old man" naturally cleaves a way. He has had more effective problems, but the antics here are first-rate. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DARWIN; AND THE ENGLISH SCENE.

I SUPPOSE it would be unfair to say that *nobody* of intelligence to-day believes in the Darwinian theory of evolution. "A Huxley" (as "Beachcomber" naughtily used to remark about that group of left-wing intellectuals who, before the war, were always ready to sign joint letters on any subject from pacifism to the essential legitimacy of the murderous Communist Government in Madrid) "is always on duty." Nevertheless, as the years go by the Darwinists dwindle away. Ask any schoolchild, ask any listener to the educational talks of the B.B.C., ask the vast majority of school-teachers, however, and they will look on anyone who dares to impugn the pure truth of the Darwinian word as almost indecent. Disraeli may have been on the side of the angels. They are definitely committed to the apes, and "maintain in the face of the facts the invincible credulity of the sceptic." Does it matter that bogus science is taught in our schools? Surely there is something comforting to a faithless age in the contemplation of the majestic progress over unnumbered millions of years of amoeba—ape—Attlee? I agree with Miss Vera Barclay, who wrote "Darwin is Not for Children" (Herbert Jenkins; 9s. 6d.), and with Mr. Kenneth de Courcy, who contributes an excellent foreword, that it matters profoundly. For it is on the teachings—if one can apply the phrase to one whose intellectual methods if translated into terms of a company prospectus, would have landed him in the dock at the Old Bailey—of Darwin that the whole annihilating materialist philosophy of our age is based. Indeed, without Darwin (and to a certain extent Hegel), there could hardly be a Stalin.

Miss Barclay came to a study of Darwinism by chance, but she has stayed to write one of the most important and convincing debunking books I have read for a long time. While the biologists, physicists and geologists (many of whom object to the shameful use to which the Darwinists have put their particular branch of science in order to "prove" their case) fall away in ever-increasing numbers, "the English and American Press," as Miss Barclay says, "and the B.B.C. are almost entirely Darwinist, which is why we are not aware of the change in scientific opinion, as people are on the Continent." In popular language Miss Barclay examines the Darwinist case.

Her cross-examination would do credit to Sir Patrick Hastings. And if you can believe in the theory of natural selection as retailed to us in our youth after Miss Barclay has finished with it, then, as the Duke of Wellington said on that famous occasion, "you'd believe anything." It is all excellent fun (though you may be saddened if this is your first contact with the literature of the evolutionary controversy, with the naughty way some Darwinists cheat). You may not mind. You may feel with Mr. Belloc about the microbe—

... all these have never yet been seen
But scientists, who ought to know,
Assure us that it must be so.
Oh let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about.

If, on the other hand, you have young children, you may mind intensely. You may feel with Mr. de Courcy: "If we want our children to behave like apes, let us by all means teach them the poor thesis that they are only evolved specimens of them. If we want them to behave like pilgrims moving towards the Celestial City, then let us teach them that they are God's highest special creative act." But by all means get this book. If it infuriates you, as one of Kipling's characters said: "It works. It works!"

Another "must" for your library list is "The Chilterns" (Elek; 15s.), by J. H. B. Peel. The author is a distinguished poet and writes with a poet's feeling about one of the loveliest parts of England and one which, as yet, is comparatively the least spoilt. (If he chose the exquisite photographs which illustrate it, he has approached his subject with the eye of an artist as well.) He deals with each of the main sections of the Chilterns—those of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire—separately. Mr. Peel is a good archaeologist and warm-blooded historian—but he allows neither archaeology nor history to obtrude.

But, as he says, this is a book done at leisure and for love of its theme. It is filled with pleasant little odd corners—unusual quotations, happy anecdotes. I liked particularly his scholarly former parson who would "sometimes interrupt his sermon in order to praise, or admonish, one of his congregation there present." Billy Oats, I hear you've been at the bottle again; or 'Mabel, the teacher tells me you're first in geography and chain-stitch. Well done, well done." (I can match this with the pleasant story of the Rector of North Hinksey who, a hundred years ago, used to point an accusing finger at one of his smock-frocked, fringed-chinned rustics—who loved it—and say severely: "I know you will oppone me what Aristarchus saith.") A charming book which has decided me—while petrol is still with us—in which direction I shall next leave London for pleasure.

What with Darwin and the Chilterns, I find I have left myself very little space. Indeed, I can do very little more than recommend Hugh Braun's "Story of English Architecture" (Faber; 12s. 6d.). This pleasantly written book covers the ground in a manner which assumes neither great expertise or uncommon ignorance. Indeed, while Darwin may not be for children, Mr. Braun certainly is—and for grown-ups too. Not least attractive is his discussion of architectural trends to-day.

And while on the subject of architecture, a word must be spared for "Canterbury," by William Townshend (Batsford; 8s. 6d.). Mr. Townshend—like Mr. Peel—has the advantage of knowing the subject of his book since boyhood. Mr. Peel is a poet; Mr. Townshend is a painter turned historian. The result of this mingling of the arts is most agreeable. Our dollar visitors who visit this famous and ancient city will do well to spend one of their dollars on this book. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AS Blackburne once pocketed half-a-crown he had won on a casual game with an amateur, a spectator who had already contributed a whole series of uninvited comments asked: "How can you enjoy playing such a noble game for filthy lucre?" "It's not the filthy lucre I object to," replied Blackburne, "so much as the filthy looker-on!"

J. H. Blackburne, the most colourful chess master England has ever produced, is estimated to have played nearly a hundred thousand games of chess in his career. He only learnt the game at the age of eighteen, but within three years he had started off on the almost non-stop continuous tour of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, taking on twenty and thirty opponents at a time in cities, towns and hamlets all over the country, and breaking off only to compete in international tournaments, which was to fill the rest of his life. Before his day, simultaneous displays had been conducted in an atmosphere of solemnity, with the maestro in faultless dress clothes. Blackburne changed all this; turned up in workaday attire and mowed down the opposition to a continuous accompaniment of banter and badinage.

He participated with success in two top-rank international tournaments—Baden-Baden, 1870, and St. Petersburg, 1914—forty-four years apart.

Even more astonishing than the length of his career, and his abundant vitality, was the amount of whisky he consumed. Legends of his capacity abound. Although he died in 1915, I still hear tales of his prowess as I travel around. One old gentleman who put him up one night, when he had taken on and beaten twenty local players, was so misguided as to produce a couple of untouched bottles of whisky. (Yes, those were the days!) For an hour before retiring, Blackburne regaled him with stories and demonstrations of games he had played. During this hour the whole of the whisky disappeared. The host drank two glassfuls; Blackburne the rest, and for all the effect it had on him it might have been water. This is the sort of thing that discourages prohibitionists. If they protest: "How much better he might have done if he had not poisoned himself with alcohol," you gaze at them glassily and recall his match against Zukertort, in which he trounced an opponent regarded by many as the strongest player in the world by five games to one.

One of Blackburne's opponents in a simultaneous display ordered himself a pick-me-up. The next time Blackburne arrived at that board, he drained the glass at a draught, made his move and passed on. Asked afterwards how he had managed to beat that man so quickly, he explained: "My opponent left a glass of whisky *en prise* and I took it *en passant*. That little mistake wrecked his game."

In St. Petersburg, at the age of seventy-two, he defeated Niemzowitsch in a brilliant game after opening with the ridiculous 1. P-K3. His unhappy victim, asked what had happened, muttered: "*Der alter Fuchs hat mich geschwindelt*" ("The old fox swindled me"). Blackburne, overhearing this, asked somebody what "*alter Fuchs*" meant. "Oh, nothing particular," was the reply. He asked somebody else who, however, was just as vague. Not satisfied, he finally went to the committee: "Will you please make it quite clear to me," he demanded, "is an '*alter Fuchs*' a gentleman or not?"



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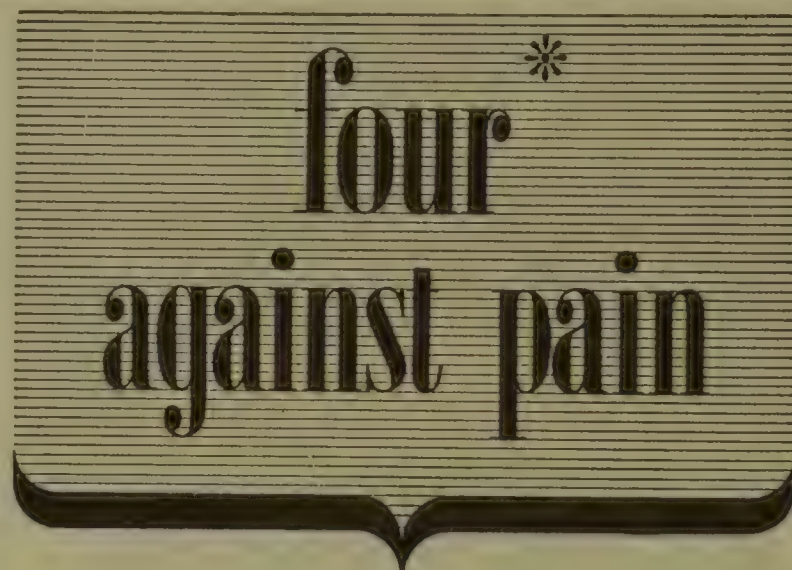
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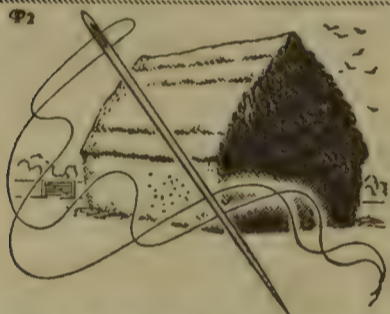
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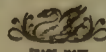
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